THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1829.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.—NO. IV.

THE BUFFALO.

THE influence of climate is in no instance more powerfully exemplified than in its effects on the ox. The cold of Iceland seems to deprive him of his horns, and the heat of Africa imparts to him a strength and a ferocity which have entitled him to be classed with the wildest animals. In the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope he takes another name and another form, if those naturalists be correct who derive the buffalo and the ox from the same original source. Of this, however, many entertain considerable doubt. The buffalo is not unlike the ox, but his skin is black, and slightly covered with hair; his horns are large, and curved; and the savage ferocity of his aspect is heightened by the habit he has of carrying his head in a threatening attitude. These peculiarities, however, are not sufficient to make us pronounce him a distinct species; for the ox in Scotland, some centuries since, was apparently very unlike the useful and domestic animal which he now is. To hunt wild cows was then a royal sport; and the very common name of Turnbull is derived from an alert courtier, who had that appellation bestowed on him by King Robert Bruce, whose life he saved when attacked by a wild ox. Among the dishes enumerated at an abbot's feast in Durham, in the twelfth century, were six wild cows.

The buffalo is a native of India and Africa, but is found most numerously near the Cape of Good Hope, where, with other animals, he ranges unconstrained. Mr. Pringle sings—

> Afar in the desert I love to ride,
> With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
> Away—away from the dwellings of men,
> By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
> By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
> Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
> And the gemsbok, and eland, unhunted recline,
> By the skirts of grey forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
> And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
> And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
> And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
> In the vlei where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

The Caffres hunt him for his hide and flesh. When they have discovered a herd they surround them, and, casting their poisoned

arrows at them, quickly dispatch a large number. The buffalo, however, is a very ferocious animal; and is not deficient in that cunning necessary to place him on an equality with his foes. Knowing his inability to contend singly with the lion, he herds with his kind; but when he encounters an inferior animal, he attacks him without hesitation. When he has goaded a traveller, he tramples on him with his feet and knees, and absolutely strips the skin from his body by licking it with his tongue.

A party travelling through the plains of Caffraria encountered a herd of buffaloes, and, knowing that they seldom attack any one in the open plains, they approached and fired on them. One of the wounded animals immediately made towards them, but from the construction of his eyes, and the quantity of long hair which overshadowed them, he was unable to see them, when they turned out of his direct course and threw themselves on the ground, a precaution adopted by all who hunt this animal.

A recent traveller relates that a buffalo at the Cape, being hunted by some Europeans, turned round and pursued a gentleman who happened to have on a red waistcoat, red being a colour peculiarly obnoxious to this animal. Seeing the enraged brute approach, the hunter plunged into an arm of the sea, near which he stood; but the buffalo, who is fond of the water, sprung in after him, and was on the point of goading his victim when the gentleman opportunely dived. The animal, imagining that he was still before him, continued his course in a direct line, and had reached a distance of three miles when arrested in his progress by a shot fired from a ship then lying at anchor. His skin was presented to the governor at the Cape, who had it stuffed and deposited amongst his collection of curiosities.

Though ferocious in his original state, the buffalo is easily tamed. The bushman sings—

The countless springboks are my flock,
Spread o'er the boundless plain;
The buffalo bends to my yoke,
And the wild horse to my rein:
My yoke is the quivering assagai,
My rein the tough bow-string;
My bridle curb is a slender barb—
Yet it quells the forest king.

In Asia they are domesticated, and large herds of them may be seen crossing the Tigris and the Euphrates, wedged against each other; the driver, like another Ducrow, running from one extremity of the drove to the other along their backs.

Though unknown to the ancients, the buffalo was domesticated

in Italy as early as the seventh century; and is now preferred to the common ox for draught. Our ancestors placed considerable value upon their horns, and the more capacious they were the more they were esteemed. One mounted with gold or silver was kept in every nobleman's hall, and he who could not quaff the contents of it, when filled with wine, was not admitted to the bacchanalian revels. In the smaller end was a valve, from which the guest was to withdraw the stopper, and blow three loud blasts, to show that he had performed his task.

In modern times the horns of the buffalo are converted to other and less exceptionable purposes. Artificers convert them into articles of utility, as they are capable of being polished to rival tortoiseshell.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

Mary, within yon album's folds
Those faded rose leaves see,
Three years ago, fair, blooming then,
That flower you gave to me.

When first I hailed its budding charms,
I kissed them o'er and o'er,
But now those charms are faded all,
I value them the more.

Now thou hast given thyself to me,
A dearer, sweeter flower,
I boast and prize thy heavenly charms
Through beauty's short-lived hour.

But when those charms shall fade, my dear—
For charms like thine must perish—
E'en as these faded leaves of rose,
The fondlier then I'll cherish.

Charlis M.

SONG.

In eastern waves there is an isle,
As youthful poets sing,
Where Venus sheds a constant smile,
Amid eternal spring.

There, like her own star's lovely ray,
Her glowing altars shine;
And beauteous hands for ever lay
Fresh flowers upon her shrine.

Yet there, amid the myrtle boughs
That blossom always new,
Are faithless hearts and broken vows,
And eyes that shine untrue.

Thus love in every clime below
Has been through countless years,
Capricious god of bliss and woe,
Contriving smiles and tears.

T.

THE CYPRESS CROWN.*

WHAT the announcement of peace promised was accomplished; for it was ordered that the gallant regiment which had formerly defended the city should pass through it on its way to Vienna. It was Sunday; the devotional practices of the day were ended, and all pressed forward towards the gate through which the victorious lancers were to enter. The guards could hardly control the impetuosity of the citizens, but when the distant trumpet was heard the confusion of the bustling crowd subsided, and "expectation sat on each plebeian brow." Tears of anguish flowed from a thousand eyes, and many a beating heart was swelled to bursting. When the glittering arms first entered through the open gate, flowers and crowns were thrown in abundance upon the veterans; and a most charming child, standing in a high arched window, raised his round white arms towards heaven, and threw a crown of leaves, given him by his weeping mother, down among the soldiers. A youth caught it upon his lance, and kindly smiled at the little white angel above him. "Heigh, Wolf," cried the sergeant, "a cypress crown! How came it to you? 'tis a bad omen."

Wolf, however, placed the crown upon his right arm, and rode onwards. When the billets were delivered he discovered that he was quartered on a butcher. His comrades rallied him upon the tit-bits he would find there, and jestingly invited themselves to dine or sup with him.

"I fear," said Wolf, "you are much mistaken; I know these rich fellows well, and I know their covetousness."

"Fool!" cried one of his friends, "what is it to you whether your host be a miser or a liberal man? It is always good for the soldier when the host is rich, but it is necessary that the guest be well behaved."

"Politeness has nothing to do in this case," answered Wolf, taking his baggage upon his shoulders, and hanging the cypress crown upon his lance; "butchers are brutal, rude, uncivil men. Besides, I am weary of slaughter and blood; I am disgusted, satiated."

"Oh! oh!" they cried, laughing, "Wolf can't see blood! Dove's heart! whence came it?"

"Speak not so foolishly," cried Wolf, angrily; "when my duty calls, or when I wish to augment my honour, (beating his

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* The original of this tale appeared in the "*Frauen-Taschen-Bueh*," one of the many pretty annuals with which Germany abounds.

iron cross,) you will not find me backward;" and then, half angrily, he waved the lance towards them, and set out for his quarters.

He soon found the house: at the gateway a gigantic man stood, with spread legs; his yellowish brown face was covered with black, bushy, hanging eye-brows, and his small pink eyes seemed devoid of soul: a thick cloud of smoke, which issued from a small tobacco pipe, enveloped his head; and whilst one of his hands played in the pocket of his scarlet waistcoat, the other fastened and unfastened its silver buttons, over a considerable rotundity of person.

Wolf made his obeisance, and showed him, with much civility, his quartering billet; but the butcher, without taking any notice of his guest, pointed, with his thumb bent backwards, towards the house, peevishly and coolly saying, "Thither, my servants know already."

Wolf's feelings were hurt, but he remained silent, and stepped into the yard before the house, where a very pale, sickly-looking girl was carrying, with difficulty, two pails of water from the pump. On seeing him she stopped suddenly, put the pails down upon the ground, and stared fixedly at him; whilst her forehead and cheeks became deadly pale, and her whole frame appeared convulsed. Wolf, surprised, inquired the way to his apartment. "That way," she replied, pointing to a staircase; "at the top, on the right hand, is your room."

He found the room as she had intimated: it was obscure, close, and confined, and the air was thick and damp: a great deal of the plastering had fallen off the walls, which were blackened with smoke, and here and there were characters, numbers, human faces, and heads of animals, painted on the wall with charcoal. A miserable mean bed was opposite to the dusky window, and on a rusty long nail near the bed he hung the cypress crown; his lance and sabre were placed in a corner, his baggage upon the old table; and, having breathed a few curses on his host, he pushed two fragile chairs aside, leaned on the window, and whistled till his anger subsided.

The window looked over a court-yard into a very spacious garden, filled with flowers and fruits, but he did not know if he would be allowed to walk there, and he did not like to ask. In the evening he went out, and when he returned it was dark. The window being still open, he took a chair and sat down, filled his pipe with tobacco, and, like a true German, blew the smoke into the air.

His thoughts, however, were busy. He remembered his home, recollected his old mother, and, as he grew tender and sorrowful, wondered what had become of his brother, who had been absent for many years. Perhaps he had entered the army; if so, now that peace was established, he would speedily return; and this idea had no sooner come into Wolf's head than it tended to tranquillize his thoughts. He started up to write a letter home, but discovered that there was no light. This vexed him exceedingly, and with a rude oath he stepped out of the room to call for one. He wore his military undress, and looked particularly angry. In the passage stood a small lamp: he stepped over it, and encountered the surly butcher, who, casting his eyes on him, cried out, "'Tis he!" and rushed wildly from the place.

"He is mad or drunk," thought Wolf, and Louisa, the pale girl, appeared: she made an excuse for her carelessness, and hastened before him with a candle, which she placed on the table in his chamber, then shut the window, wiped the dust off the chairs, and occupied herself for some time in her usual soft and gentle manner. She then sighed deeply, cast a look at her lodger, and sobbed loudly as she walked out of the room. What could she mean? "Why does she weep?" Wolf ejaculated; "has my rudeness frightened her, or have I uttered in my hurry and vexation any unpleasant words?" He took the candle, and hastily followed her; and, as she turned to thank him, he saw her fine eyes streaming with tears. "You are much afflicted. Have I offended you?" he inquired.

"Oh, God! no, sir," she answered, still weeping.

"Has any one else done you harm?" he asked, more earnestly.

But she only joined her hands, pressed them against her eyes, and gently shook her head: at last she sighed, "God wills it! even you are sent by him to remind me of my misfortune." Saying this, she wiped the tears from her cheeks with her apron, and descended slowly and silently.

Wolf was perplexed: he could not write, he did not go to bed, for his thoughts were full of the weeping girl; and, while absorbed in reflection, he had engraven the name of Louisa on the old scratched and broken table; on looking more attentively, he discovered the same name all over it, and, apparently, in his own characters. He rubbed his forehead, and gazed with surprise at the great L and the other letters, which he had learned with much difficulty, and, comparing them, cried—"Am I bewitched! I did not cut these letters; and yet they are like

mine. This gloomy chamber must be haunted!" and he looked about the ruined apartment somewhat distrustfully. The cracks in the walls—the places over the bed where the lime had fallen off—the coal-sketched black faces, and the melancholy devastation of the room, had a terrible and dreadful appearance in the dim, flickering light. He shuddered involuntarily, and hastily blew out the candle, in order to avoid the illusion of his senses. Wishing to take fresh air for an instant, he opened the window, and, as the night wind softly blew upon him, all seemed repose. The quiet and sober calmness of the hour tended to compose his thoughts, when, on looking into the garden, he plainly saw somebody walking slowly in the dark alleys, sometimes standing, sometimes raising his arm and moving it, as if beckoning for a companion.

Wolf could not clearly discern the figure, because the rising fog began to cover it as if with long white veils, and the more his sight was fixed upon it the more loose and duskish it swam and melted before him. He stepped, at last, away from the window, which he left open, and threw himself upon the bed. The dried leaves of the cypress crown over him, moved by the passing air, rustled loudly: he started, and at the instant thought he saw the figure of a man, pale, and melancholy-looking, leaning on the window. "Tush!" he cried, irritated at his fears; and, putting his head between the blankets, he quickly fell asleep, but had not long enjoyed the world of dreams when a voice suddenly awoke him. The moonbeams shone faintly through the casement, and as some living thing was evidently in his chamber, he hastily jumped out of bed and seized his sword. At the instant a large white dog put his fore paw upon the bed, stretched his head towards him, and cast his round eyes, which shined in the dark, upon him; then wagged his tail, and licked the hand raised to repulse and punish him. He could not strike him, and the animal affectionately began to caress him. "Perhaps," thought Wolf, "he takes me for his master; perhaps he takes me for the person who quitted this room for me, but who I do not know. No matter, he is a fine dog, and is evidently quiet and friendly." He could sleep no longer, and therefore arose at daybreak and began to put his baggage into order; the dog all the time fawning upon and following him about the room.

The journeymen butchers were soon busy in the court, whistling, and singing—now religious, then riotous—songs. One of them, with a peevish-looking face, led a meagre animal out of the stable, put an old faded surtout on, and, hanging his thick

whip over his shoulder, he twisted the mane and bridle on his hand, put one leg in the stirrup, and raised the other, with a mighty jerk, over the horse's back; but the poor, tired jade (not being recovered from the fatigue of her last journey,) pranced and kicked, and would not let him mount. The awkward rider, transported with rage, pulled the bridle, and kicked the poor animal.

"Infamous dog!" murmured Wolf, whose blood began to boil, "the clown knows not how to manage a horse; why does he undertake it? These fellows, who never were soldiers, are poor riders; they know not how to extricate themselves out of trouble." At length the brutal wretch sat upon the saddle, pulled his white felt cap over his ears, and jogged through the gate.

Wolf's heart was very much relieved at his departure; but it was not of long duration, for he soon after heard the long-legged jade trampling in the yard; the rider had forgotten something. He called, whistled, and blasphemed alternately, without intermission, and finally bawled in at an open window, "Has any body seen my Lux?" The poor dog lay snarling at Wolf's feet, and showed his teeth as often as the rude voice called him. Wolf, not willing to bring himself into trouble, said, "If you call for the large white dog, he is here; I do not detain him, but he will not leave me, and I cannot drive him out of the door.

The blustering fellow stared at him with large open mouth, then pulled his cap off, and rode on without uttering a word. Wolf, smoothing the bristled hair of Lux, said, "Stay here, my old dog, and keep a good guard over my baggage whilst I am out." Lux looked at him as if he understood his words, extended his hind legs under his breast, stretched his fore feet out, and remained on the door sill, watching with elevated head.

Wolf went out about his business. "Heh!" said one of his comrades, "you tell us nothing about your reception."

"Why should I speak of it?" replied Wolf, "it will make things no better; I knew it before: the people here spoke too much, showed themselves too eager, too civil, for us to expect much good treatment."

"True," cried they, all laughing, "you have hit the right nail upon the head. They were very generous with their grass and leaves which they threw upon us at our entrance, but neither horse nor man will eat them.

"Companions," said the sergeant, "it will soon be over; we

shall be quartered otherwise by and by, and then we shall live at our own cost."

"God be thanked!" said Wolf; and he commenced his rambles through the city. In the evening he came back to his lodgings, and, as he was looking into the street, the rider who had departed in the morning returned, and rode directly to the stable. After a while he came out, beating his dangling jack boots together, from which dust and dirt flew off, and then entered the house. Wolf listened, and soon heard a great noise: he looked involuntarily into the kitchen, and saw the journeyman arguing loudly with his master. In his hand he held an empty money pouch, with which he beat the table, whilst the butcher appeared in a great rage; but the journeyman continued, his face quite inflamed—"Devil!" he cried, "why should I endure to be chided for so small a sum, who helped you to a so much greater? recollect that I can destroy your good name, that I can bring you to the gallows."

At these words Wolf was seized with a deadly fear, he ran to his room and shut the door, for he thought himself in a cut-throat house. Lux, the faithful dog, crept towards him, and he pressed him to his heart, as he read in his cheerful eyes an assurance of friendship. It was late as he lay down to sleep, and next day he appeared on parade more than usually melancholy. One of his companions inquired the cause.

"Do not laugh," said Wolf, seriously, "it is a dream of so horrific a nature that the description alone will harrow up your soul to madness. These last two nights I thought I saw a grey, white figure, withered and gnawed by the vapour of the grave! Its haggard look and tattered garb seemed to bespeak variety of wretchedness. It sat upon the chair at my bed side, put its head upon its hands, and looked upon me in a most pitiable, beseeching manner. I was neither asleep nor awake. I felt and saw; but my senses were so overwhelmed and agonized that I was incapable of moving a single limb. After remaining some time, it rose, and pointed towards the garden. It spoke not, but a secret voice seemed to say—'Go there; see you not that sunken ice-house; the linden tree, whose double branches spring from the same trunk; search there!' and ceased not entreatingly to urge me on by signs and gestures till break of day, and till I, half dead with terror and dismay, roused and collected myself. If it comes this night I will speak to it—I will follow it. I must, at one blow, undo this gordian knot; otherwise I shall for ever remain bodily and mentally tormented."

"Will you do so?" inquired his companion.

"Why should I not?" asked Wolf.

"I would advise you not to do it," continued the other, "you do not know what you may see there."

"That is what I must know," replied Wolf, "to recover my quiet and peace of mind."

The friends parted. The evening closed around, and the night was tempestuous. Wolf ordered Lux to be at rest, and, having blown out the candle, knelt in a corner, joined his hands, and, raising them upwards, prayed heartily.

He now grew composed, and for a while took delight in the awful thunder which passed high and majestically over the city. Exhausted and enfeebled by the agitation of his mind, Wolf retired to rest, but had hardly closed his eyes when his nightly vision again appeared, and seemed, by its gesture and emotion, to be more disturbed and anxious than before. He thought Lux yelped loudly, and pulled him violently by the arm; but his internal anguish and the total suspension of his mental powers rendered his efforts and struggles to rise vain and abortive.

At length a most terrible peal of thunder and vivid flash of lightning roused him out of his lethargic agony. He started, and at one leap was out of his bed. The wind and rain rattled at the window. The garden appeared but a single sheet of fire, and he saw nought but flame and lightning. Heaven's loud acclamation swelled and increased his courage. He threw on his cloak, put his sabre under his arm, called Lux, and left the room. All were awake in the house, he found the folding gate half open, and entered the court. The clouds over him rushed and roared like a whirlwind, the rain streamed down so that he could scarcely advance, the dog jumped before him in short, heavy skips, and, with fiery sparkling eyes, sometimes bayed with a mighty noise. A small door opposed his progress: he pressed and pushed back the bolt, and soon found himself in the entrance of the garden. The trees shook their moist heads, and saluted him with hollow plaintive moanings. He advanced. The hurricane crushed the flowers vehemently together, pressed their tender heads down upon the ground, and drove whirls of leaves of white and red roses upwards through the rebelling night. A dreadful flash of lightning broke through the black veil of clouds just as Wolf stood before the destroyed, moss-overgrown ice-house. The linden tree, exactly as his dream had showed him, extended its branches over it, and pointed with the dry ends, as if with long black fingers, towards its entrance. Wolf burst

the little door open with his foot: he experienced not the smallest emotion of fear, and all inquietude was supplanted by the growing propensity to discover something in this place. It became so violent a passion that, notwithstanding the hinderance of the weather, he, following the direction he had received in his dream, raked the rubbish aside, while the dog yelped in a frightful manner, and stood staring wildly, as if bewitched.

He had not laboured long when he discovered a cleaver. Horrid conviction! Was this an instrument of murder? He trembled violently, and putting the cleaver under his cloak, involuntarily, and without knowing what to wish, or how to act, directed his steps towards his lodging.

In the meanwhile it became calm, the black clouds sank down in the north, appearing like an exhausted volcano. Already the day dawned, and as he passed in the butcher met him. "See here, master," said he, taking the cleaver from under his cloak, and pointing it towards him, "see what I found last night."

The butcher's pipe dropped from his hand, his face turned ghastly, and he exclaimed, with a hollow groaning, "God himself has judged!" then fell headlong on the ground and expired.

Wolf stood as if rooted to the spot, when Louisa, looking over his shoulder, cried out, with a most penetrating voice, "O Lord! it is Andrew's cleaver, there is his name, Andrew Wolf!" and, like lightning, recalling past circumstances, she suddenly exclaimed, half choked with grief, and clapping her hands lamentably together, "'Tis Andrew's blood! they have murdered him!"

The noise attracted all the inhabitants of the house, who insisted upon Wolf's disclosing the frightful secret; but his mind was void of thought, his tongue was speechless, and he stared at the characters on the cleaver, when suddenly a torrent of hot tears burst from his eyes, and afforded him relief. The ice-house was now examined, and there was found the body of Andrew Wolf.

He had engaged himself in the butcher's service eleven years before, and soon rendered himself very useful. Being cheerful and handsome, he gained the affections of Louisa, and was upon the point of breaking the matter to his master, when the malicious journeyman, the infamous fellow he never trusted in, entangled him one evening at dice. The butcher was also present, and both pressed the poor youth to play; but he won and ceased playing, because it was very late, and because Louisa, walking about, made him a sign to do so; he went to his chamber, having kissed her in haste, and whispered her secretly that to-morrow he

would tell her all, and make her happy. On the following day he was missing, and his master reported that he had enlisted in the army. But it was now too evident that he had been murdered by the butcher and his journeyman. The latter was apprehended, and paid the penalty of his crimes.

Wolf knew peace no more; the fate of his brother afflicted him; and, after drooping for several months, his spirit departed. Louisa put the cypress crown upon his coffin, and followed, with Lux, at a distance, when his comrades buried him by his murdered brother's side. She did not long survive him.

TO FREDERICK,

SECOND SON OF SIR R. SIMEON, BART. AGED THREE YEARS.

Beautiful boy! that wildly laughing brow,
The unsullied mirror of thy soul of glee,
That sportive grace, may well become thee now
That sorrow is a thing unknown to thee.
Thine is the season when each passing thing
On earth, in heaven, around, about, above thee,
Flutters before thy view on rapture's wing,
When every eye but looks on thee to love thee!
Thine is each pure delight that earth can bless,
A father's love, a mother's tenderness—
Each object that attracts thy young blue eye,
Or tells of love, or boasts the charm of novelty.

Gazing on thine almost ethereal form,
I think—can such a thing be doomed to know
The lot of mortals—passion's maddening storm,
Frustrated hope, and all the train of woe?
Yes; when I see thy mother's speaking eye
Upon thee gaze so fond, yet mournfully,
It tells me what thy being, what thy birth,
An erring and a suffering child of earth.
Care, shall thy keen dart pierce a heart so light?
Shall tears of sorrow dim an eye so bright?
Shall withering anguish wrinkle that clear brow
Which eloquently tells of fullest rapture now?

Well, be it so—life is a checquered scene—
Its pleasures must be stored—its ills be borne.
All that now is, and all that e'er hath been,
Confess the truth, that man was made to mourn.
Yet still, though tears at times *must* stain thine eye,
Though from thy heart must grief extort the sigh,
Still may that cherub smile remain to thee,
The smile of cheerfulness and purity!
Farewell, dear boy! whatever fate betide
Of weal or woe, still may'st be thine to prove
The *worthy* object of a father's pride,
The *grateful* treasurer of a fond mother's love.

Charles M.

DORIGNY AND HIS SIX WIVES.

A TALE.

The lively and agreeable Dorigny, though married to a charming woman, was known among his friends as *un homme à bonnes fortunes;* a circumstance which did not prevent his living on the best terms with his wife, who prudently shut her eyes to his infidelities, and contented herself with the respect and affection with which he always treated her. They had been married about three years when the French demagogues commenced their memorable mode of regenerating their country, by the destruction of all its religious and social institutions. Dorigny, who was not the sort of stuff that politicians are made of, had the good fortune to escape the dangers of the times, and, whatever he thought of the changes that were making, had the prudence to give no opinion against them. In fact, he was one of those people who trouble themselves very little about any sort of liberty except the liberty of love, and as he had always enjoyed that under the old government, he would have been well contented to let things remain in *statu quo;* but when the National Assembly published their famous law of divorce, he began to think that the new institutions were, after all, not so bad, for he was then desperately in love with a very pretty woman, who was also passionately fond of him, but whose virtue opposed an invincible barrier to the gratification of his desires.

However, as Dorigny knew that her virtue was at bottom merely a sentiment of pride, he thought that she would have no religious scruples about accepting his hand if he was in a condition to offer it. He hastened, therefore, to make her the offer of obtaining a divorce if she would consent to marry him: she agreed, and nothing remained but to obtain his wife's consent, which he flattered himself would not be a difficult matter, because he had hitherto found that she could refuse him nothing.

He made the proposal with all the address he was master of; but, for the first time, he did not find her so tractable as he wished. Her refusal was marked by the good humour which had hitherto characterized her. "My poor Dorigny," said she, "it is for your sake that I am obliged to deny your request."

"For my sake!"

"Yes, I am certain you would not wish to part with me if you had not the intention of marrying again, and you can never be happy with any woman but myself. Yes, you may smile, but it is nevertheless true. I do not speak from vanity, but from conviction. I have studied your temper, accommodated myself in

all respects to it. I have done so as much from love for you as from the wish to render mutually happy a union which was to last for life; think you that a wife whom you may take and leave as caprice or interest directs, will pursue the same conduct? No, it is impossible; if I was to agree to your request I should, sooner or later, see you at my feet, beseeching me to restore to you the hand which you would bitterly regret having parted with. If I refused, you would be miserable: if I agreed, we should become the laughing-stock of Paris. Be advised, my good friend, and let us remain as we are."

She spoke in the tone of a person who feels herself so perfectly in the right, that for a moment Dorigny's resolution was staggered; but an interview with Zulma recalled his firmness. He renewed his demand, and persevered in it with such ardour that at last his wife yielded. As they had no children, the formalities were soon settled. Dorigny gave back his wife's fortune: he would have made a handsome addition to it, but she refused to accept a farthing more than the law gave her a right to. Spite of his love for Zulma he could not see her quit his house without emotion; it was evident that hers was very great, but she constrained herself to keep it within bounds, and said to him in parting, with that sweet and equal tone which was habitual to her—"Adieu, Dorigny! if I grieve at parting with you it is more for your sake than mine, for I am convinced that the moment will come in which you will regret me bitterly."

Full of the happiness he was about to enjoy with his lovely Zulma, Dorigny execrated a thousand, or rather ten thousand, times, the delay prescribed by the law. At last, however, the year expired, Zulma became his bride, and Dorigny, intoxicated with his bliss, thought that until that moment he had never known what love was. The affection of his Julie, which had always worn rather the guise of the tenderest friendship than of a warmer sentiment, appeared absolutely cold and insipid compared with the enthusiastic passion of Zulma, who seemed to live only to adore him. Dorigny repeated a thousand times that he had never been happy till then; but one might perceive a very great difference in the tone with which he uttered these words three days and three months after marriage; and his beautiful wife was not slow in observing it. She took the very worst method of re-animating his drooping flame, by reproaching him with its decline. At first he endeavoured to justify himself, and with some success, for he was really touched by what he saw her suffer; but the restraint which her excessive affection laid him

under soon became insupportable; it was, as he himself expressed it, passing from paradise to purgatory. At home he was assailed by reproaches, fits, and tears; abroad he was surrounded by spies. Had he company, he was in agonies lest a word or look addressed to any of his fair guests might give rise to a scene. Did he wish to shut himself up alone, Zulma was sure to break in upon him. At last, unable to support the misery he had brought upon himself, he gave Zulma the choice of a divorce or a separation. Thunderstruck at a proposal which she had never thought it possible he could make, she tried, but too late, every method to bring him back; her endeavours were vain, and at last she agreed, in a transport of jealous fury, to release herself for ever from an ingrate who was insensible of her tenderness.

The divorce was pronounced, and for some days Dorigny enjoyed his liberty with feelings pretty similar to those of a schoolboy in the vacation. Nobody was so gay, so gallant, so happy, as he when abroad; but he could not be always abroad, and he began to regret, sensibly, the interesting companion whose mild gaiety had rendered that time he passed at home so pleasant.

Pride and shame, however, prevented his making any overtures to her, but he secretly determined that if he replaced her, it would be by somebody of a similar character; and it was not long before he cast his eyes upon the young and lovely Sophia. He saw her at first only with the pleasure with which one admires a beautiful child, but this pleasure soon took a softer character. Sophia, little more than sixteen, joined to all the simplicity of that age a beauty the most dazzling, and an expression of innocence and gentleness almost celestial. Dorigny, who was admitted familiarly at the house of her father, soon became so enamoured that he made proposals, which were accepted; and he received his fair bride from the hands of her papa, who was not ignorant that he had two wives living: a circumstance of no sort of importance in the eyes of this enlightened citizen, who reverenced nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, excepting the laws of the republic one and indivisible.

For some time Dorigny could not congratulate himself sufficiently on the treasure he was possessed of: he was never tired of gazing on his lovely companion, of listening to the music of her voice, or of watching her graceful movements. But when the first raptures began to subside a little, he found out that his beautiful wife had a failing uncommon enough among women, and especially among French women—she would not talk. In

vain did he exert himself to find subjects which might draw her out of her taciturnity; short replies and sweet smiles were all that he could obtain. Those smiles for some time preserved their witchery, but by degrees they became so insipid that he would gladly have exchanged them even for frowns. He grew tired of gazing upon a countenance that never presented but one expression, though that one was almost angelic. In short, he discovered that his fair Sophia was made merely to be looked at. She was devoid of wit, spirit, and almost understanding; she had neither virtues nor ideas; she was, in fact, a mere automaton.

My readers will easily believe that Dorigny did not make this discovery all at once; but when he did, he said to himself, with a sigh, at least I shall be quiet with her; a negative being such as she is, who is incapable of either loving or hating, will never be troublesome. He was mistaken: she was capable of loving —her toilette, and that to an excess which very soon threatened Dorigny with a serious derangement of his affairs. It was in vain to expostulate with her: she had neither the sense to understand his arguments, nor the feeling to be touched with his uneasiness.

Things went on for some time in this way: at last Dorigny determined to put a stop to an expense which threatened to ruin him. He entered her dressing-room, and told her, with a stern and determined air, that she must make very considerable retrenchments in the expense of her dress. She answered, with her invariable smile, that it was impossible. Dorigny pointed, with a reproachful look, to the expensive millinery and dresses scattered about the apartment. "They are all old-fashioned," said she, calmly.

"Old-fashioned! why you have bought several of them within the last fortnight."

"It is not my fault if the fashions change once a week."

"But, madam, I repeat to you that I cannot afford this expense. My income is only twenty thousand livres a year, and your dress costs more than half of it; thus it is actually impossible to go on."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for what you tell me. But what can I do? I don't at all understand calculation; all I know is that I can't be more saving than I am."

"But, madam, you must."

"Impossible, my dear Monsieur Dorigny."

At that moment the *marchande lingère* entered with a *bonnet*

and a *camisole de nuit*. Dorigny snatched the bill: it was two hundred francs. "Two hundred francs," cried he, in a voice of thunder, "for things of which you have already dozens!"

"No, indeed, I have not a single *bonnet à l'amour*, nor a *camisole de Ninon de l'Enclos*, and how am I to receive company in bed without them?"

Dorigny answered by throwing these precious articles on the ground and stamping upon them; then, flying out of the room in a fury, he ran to the father of Sophia, to declare his intention of obtaining a divorce, an intention in which his pretty wife heartily united; because, as she said, there was no living with a husband who must either be a lunatic, or the greatest brute in existence, to destroy a *bonnet* and a *camisole*, which were universally allowed to be the most exquisite of all the inventions of Mademoiselle de la Fantaisie.

Behold Dorigny then for the third time free from the chains of matrimony, and very nearly determined not to put them on any more; for he found it was not so easy as he thought to meet with a second Julie. He gave himself up to the pleasures of dissipation, ranged from fair to fair, and finished, as is always the case with those whose pleasures are merely sensual, by becoming a prey to *ennui*.

He was drawn out of this state by a widow who had lately arrived from one of the provinces, and was just beginning to acquire celebrity. Hortense (that was her name) was not pretty, but she had an elegant figure, fine eyes, an arch smile, and a great flow of words; and although she did not possess much wit, she contrived to render her conversation uncommonly amusing.

During some time Dorigny saw her with indifference; by degrees she contrived to make him believe that he had made an impression on her heart, and that she was struggling to subdue it. Self-love piqued him to retain his conquest; he became more tender, the lady grew more reserved, and, being a coquet of the first order, she finished by entangling him completely in her chains. Matrimony, however, made no part of his plan, and he was glad to find that she declaimed openly against it, because he hoped to subdue her upon easier terms; but he was mistaken. Though she affected to ridicule matrimony, she was, nevertheless, determined to become his wife, not out of affection for him, but in order to secure a good establishment. Her plan succeeded; Dorigny became a benedict for the fourth time, in the belief that

the versatile talents of his Hortense would render the fetters of Hymen not only supportable, but delightful.

Poor Dorigny! he had little notion of the pains and penalties which the husband of a coquet is condemned to suffer. It appeared as if she had only waited for the nuptial benediction—hold, hold, I had forgot there were no nuptial benedictions in those days. I should say it appeared as if she only waited for the civil forms to be gone through, to treat with the utmost neglect and indifference the man of whom the law had just made her the property.

Flattered, followed, and admired, by all the stylish men in Paris, she had, nevertheless, the art to preserve her reputation; but she owed the possession of it rather to her calculating spirit, and her constitutional coldness, than to chastity. As self-love blinded Dorigny to the obvious truth that she never had any love for him, he fancied he had lost her affections, became jealous, was guilty of a thousand extravagancies, and made himself perfectly ridiculous. Convinced that he had a favoured rival, but unable, among the number who surrounded his wife, to ascertain who was the happy man, he lived in a state of perpetual suffering, till a conversation which he chanced to overhear between her and one of her confidential female friends brought him to his senses. Hortense avowed, very frankly, that she should find his behaviour insupportable, if she had the least regard for him, but as that never was the case she was able to bear it with philosophy.

This declaration rendered him as philosophic as herself: indignation, at the trick she had played him, extinguished his passion; and he thought only of escaping from his bondage, blessing the wisdom of the age that it was not, as formerly, a thing impossible. "And yet," said he, sighing, as the recollection of his first wife crossed his mind, "a divorce is not always a desirable thing."

Spite of himself his thoughts flew back to the first three years of his married life. He remembered that Julie, more beautiful than Hortense, and with taste and spirit enough to attract universal admiration, had seemed to enjoy no other pleasure from it than that of appearing to additional advantage in his eyes. How often had he seen her listen with cold politeness to the homage lavished upon her, till a glance expressive of his pleasure at it, suffused her cheek with love's richest glow. "After all," said he to himself, "I fear her parting words were just; but it is too late to think of that now."

Nevertheless he could not help inquiring after her that very day, and he learned, with a satisfaction that he did not try to analyze, that she was living in retirement at some distance from Paris, and that she had refused several offers of marriage.

While Dorigny was thinking in what manner he could bring about a divorce, chance, more favourable to him than he deserved, threw in the way of his dear moiety a rich adorer, whom she thought she could, with a little management, convert into a husband. Dorigny, now perfectly acquainted with her character, saw her practise upon her new conquest the same arts that had entrapped himself with the most anxious desire that she might succeed, and yielded to the first expression of her wish for a divorce with a readiness that might perhaps have piqued her into retracting, had not interest been more powerful than vanity.

The divorce was pronounced, and Dorigny, abjuring matrimony, and tired of sensual pleasures, sought to find new enjoyments in literature and science. In the circles which he now frequented he met very often a young *divorcee*, who had taken advantage of the law to rid herself of a husband whose notions were not quite so enlightened as her own. This lady, who piqued herself on uniting the characters of *bel esprit* and *esprit fort*, was really a clever woman, and, putting her philosophic mania out of the question, her conversation displayed great information, and some powers of mind. She had the rare art of seizing the attention, and of never continuing a subject long enough to satiate her hearers. Perhaps her clear and musical voice, and the graces of her manner, were for something in the extraordinary celebrity that she enjoyed; but be that as it may, Dorigny, who listened to her always with pleasure, ended by believing that he never could be tired of hearing her. He made proposals, they were accepted, and he entered for the fifth time the temple of Hymen.

As he had not been in love upon this occasion, he weighed the pro's and con's very deliberately before he *committed* matrimony; and the result was, that, with a companion so formed to taste and to bestow the most refined intellectual pleasures, he could not, he thought, be otherwise than happy. He was quite right if intellect had been all that was necessary in a wife; but, unluckily, his *savante* spouse was not at all fit for the duties of a mistress of a family: after a morning spent in study a man wants his dinner, and Dorigny, who was a bit of a *gastronome*, began to find that the conversation at his table was much better seasoned than the ragouts. He complained slightly of it to his wife; she was

astonished that he could give a moment's thought to such vulgar cares, which were so unworthy of a philosophic mind. His reply had something of asperity, the lady's answer savoured of contempt. In short, they finished by a violent quarrel, in which, by the way, the fair philosopher did not display more coolness or command of temper than her less enlightened husband.

However, when Aspasie's first angry feelings had subsided, she began to think that she had carried matters too far, and, without directly making overtures for a reconciliation, she contrived to re-establish peace; but the quarrels of *savantes* are not, like the quarrels of lovers, easily made up. Dorigny's self-love was deeply wounded by her contemptuous treatment: he saw that she estimated him many degrees below herself in the scale of intellect, and he was by no means disposed to allow her superiority.

Her pride, on the other hand, was hurt by the idea that she had thrown herself away upon a mere common character, instead of marrying, as she had thought, a man of superior mind. Thus, mutually dissatisfied, each party laid themselves out to discover the faults of the other. Mercy upon the married couple who take such a resolution! for they may be assured that causes of complaint will never be wanting.

Dorigny soon thought himself worse off than ever, and, it must be confessed, not without reason. He lived at a great expense, without either comfort or show; his table was ill served, his servants wasteful, insolent, and inattentive; in short, his home was thoroughly uncomfortable, and he had no solace for his vexations in the conversation of his wife, or that of the people that she drew around her, for he saw very plainly that his abilities were estimated at a very low rate by them, and that he was only tolerated in their literary meetings because they could not decently exclude him from them. Thus his attention was more drawn than it otherwise would have been to his domestic discomforts, and he determined to put an end to them; but being unwilling to come to an open rupture with his wife, he proposed to her to give an asylum to a distant relation of her's, a widow, who was left by the death of her husband in very narrow circumstances. He had heard that this lady was an excellent manager, and he hoped that, under her care, his house would be properly regulated.

He was not deceived: Clorinde soon put things upon a better footing, and Aspasie, who, though she despised household cares, did not disdain to profit by the attention others paid to them,

very readily surrendered her authority into the hands of her cousin, and devoted all her time to literary conversation and study. Dorigny no longer joined in her pursuits, but as she gave him no disturbance in his, they seldom met and never quarrelled. They might have gone on thus in a state of polite indifference, equally distant from happiness or misery, had not Dorigny been seized with a fit of the gout, and while he was in one of the sharpest paroxysms of it, his tender helpmate came to alleviate his sufferings by persuading him they were merely imaginary. "Be assured," cried she, "that what we call pain has no real existence; it depends merely on our own will to overcome every species of suffering, and to bid defiance even to death itself by a proper exertion of our energies."

Dorigny interrupted this new species of consolation by a most unphilosophic roar, and so little gratitude had he for her kind attention that he swore she should never again enter his apartment. Left to himself during some hours, he had leisure to recollect the behaviour of his Julie during a long and painful illness, in which she had nursed him with the tenderest, the most persevering care. Day and night he found her at his bed-side: it was her hand that smoothed his pillow; from her he received his medicine; her eyes were lighted up with joy when he appeared a little better, and he felt strength of mind to conceal his sufferings, because he knew that she suffered with him. "But she is not a philosopher," said he, with a groan; "no, she is an angel! and I—I am—" He did not finish the sentence, but he sighed deeply; and he reflected seriously, for a quarter of an hour, (which, by the bye, is perhaps the longest time that a Frenchman ever was known to reflect,) on his conduct to his first wife.

This train of thought was broken by the entrance of Clorinde, who came to offer him consolations of a more efficacious kind than the philosophic Aspasie had tendered. She established herself as head-nurse, and she was a very good one. She did not, indeed, manifest much sympathy for his sufferings, but she did all she could to alleviate them, and when he was able to be amused, she read to him the light works of the day, and the newspapers, or played with him at draughts or backgammon. In short, by the time he was perfectly convalescent, he had, from habit, taken such a liking to her society, that it appeared in some degree necessary to his comfort.

Aspasie had, by her last piece of philosophy, succeeded in converting indifference into aversion; and no sooner was he in a

state to exert himself, than he employed a common friend to sound her about a divorce. She did not display on the occasion that philosophic contempt of money which might be expected from a lady of her disposition, for she offered to agree only on condition that he should make a considerable addition to her fortune. In his eagerness to get rid of his fetters he consented; the lady took her departure, and Dorigny swore devoutly to avoid for the time to come all professors of philosophy as carefully as he would those of the black art.

Scarcely, however, had he began to congratulate himself on the prospect of a quiet and comfortable existence, when his tranquillity was disturbed by Clorinde declaring that she must leave him. He asked why. She replied, gravely, because people would talk if she did not. Dorigny assured her, with great *naiveté*, that they should never have reason. Clorinde blushed, (whether from anger or modesty we do not pretend to determine,) and declared that the world never would believe that a woman of her age and figure could live innocently under the protection of a gay and handsome man like him, and, therefore, she was determined to go. Softened by the compliment to himself, Dorigny looked at her with earnestness, and, for the first time, fancied that she really was handsome. He pressed her stay with warmth, she refused with firmness, but so as to show that in going she made a real sacrifice to the opinion of the world. My readers have already divined that they agreed to become man and wife as soon as the law gave them the power; in the meantime Clorinde decided upon living by herself.

Dorigny looked forward to the day of his sixth espousal with pleasure, but without anxiety. He missed the cares and attentions of Clorinde at home, but then he generally went to spend his evenings at her house, and she took care to assemble those people whom she knew he liked to meet; thus the time passed easily and pleasantly enough till they were united. Marriage at first made little difference in his mode of life, except that it added something to his comforts; but alas! he soon found that the flowery bands of Hymen, which at first seemed as light as the rosy fetters of love, became, by degrees, insufferably galling. Clorinde was that most intolerable of all two-legged animals, a notable house-wife. She placed her whole pride in being thought the best and most economical manager in Paris. Her table was excellently served, her house in the nicest order; but it was the business of her life to keep them so; and no sooner had wedlock banished all restraint between her and Dorigny, than her

conversation became a series of domestic details, which no husband possessed of a decent portion of intellect could listen to with patience. All the complaisance which she had had for her husband before marriage vanished as if by magic. She was always too much occupied to have a moment to spare to read, to play, or even to talk to him upon any other subject than that of the *menage*; and from that everlasting topic it was impossible for poor Dorigny to escape. In short, what with these details on the one hand, and her incessant quarrels with servants on the other, Dorigny soon found himself as badly off as he had ever been, and with the additional aggravation of his sufferings, that he could not well complain of his wife, because she was universally looked on as the very best woman in the world; and truly she took care that her good qualities should not be forgotten, for she reminded her husband half a dozen times a day of the treasure he possessed in her.

Often and often Dorigny thought of his Julie, who, without the affectation of house-wifery, knew how to keep every thing in the best order. What happiness, what tranquillity, reigned in his house under her gentle sway! But he had cast her from him! Ah, she had too truly said, that she was the only woman who could make him happy!

Consumed by regrets which he could not banish, and was ashamed to express, he suffered martyrdom for a twelvemonth; and, unable to endure it longer, was upon the point of endeavouring to obtain a divorce for the sixth time, when Clorinde saved him the trouble, by dying of a cold that she caught in superintending the preparations for a grand dinner.

Once more free, Dorigny hastened, after the first months of mourning had expired, to present himself at the house where, during nearly ten years, his first wife had lived in quiet seclusion. "I am come," said he, "to give you your revenge. Yes, you have truly declared that you were the only woman who could make me happy. Never have I tasted a moment's true felicity since I parted with you; never shall I taste one if I cannot succeed in persuading you to become my wife again. My fate is in your hands, but I deserve to suffer; I treated you cruelly; but you are already avenged. Would you wish to be still more so, you have the power to render the rest of my life miserable by rejecting my prayer."

I have a great mind to stop here, for I am not quite sure, in concluding my tale, whether I can, as I flatter myself I have always done hitherto, succeed in pleasing my fair readers.

Well, never mind, if the unmarried make it a question whether Julie ought to have forgiven her husband, at least I am sure the married will agree with me that she was quite right in doing so, when I assure them, on the veracity of a true historian, that he never again wished for a divorce.

MAHMOUD TO ZULEIKÉ.

Come, enter, love, this bower with me,
There every blossoming flower we see,
As through the wildring maze we rove,
Shall teach thy fluttering heart to love!

Come, haste to the spot, (from the desert plain
Where the fleet gazelles teach thee wild disdain,)
That needs but thee, light of my eyes!
To make it an earthly paradise.

What blushes deck yon rose's cheek,
Down which a dewy tear's distilling,
In silent vows it seems to speak
To the bulbul, a tale of rapture telling.

See yon blue lily that curves the stream,
Ah, mark its bright eye's gladdened beam,
Like thy blue eye it smiles at the ravishing bliss,
As the roving fly prints a passing kiss!

And mark, thou dearest! the amorous vine
Around the yellow-haired cassia twine,
And see how its clusters glisten there,
Like gems wreathed round thy flowing hair!

The loved rose droops, and with it dies
The bulbul's love, the bulbul's song—
Some other flow'ret claims its sighs,
To which less faded charms belong.

And worthless are the transient sweets
With which the dalliant insect greets
The yielding lily, oft as of *her*,
Of *others*, the roving worshipper.

And ah, the fond vine's tender form
'Scapes not the wild dismantling storm;
For can the cassia's arms defend,
When even *itself* subdued, must bend?

But oh, from every storm of strife
Thy Mahmoud will protect thee, love!
He'll brave for thee the ills of life,
And joy his passion thus to prove.

And oh, more pure shall be *his* flame,
More fondly fixed than the rover knows—
More lasting homage thou shalt claim
Than the bulbul pays the yielding rose.

Then, light of my soul, my Zuleiké!
Since purer and fonder my passion for thee,
Than what gladdens the flowers which bloom for a day,
Be thou, at least, love! kind as they.

CHARLES M.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. III.

THE DEATH OF RUFUS.

And that red king, who while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled.
Walter Scott.

"Good morrow, goody," said Alice Mortimer, to the decrepid tenant of the cottage of the glen-side. "I have not forgotten thee," continued the lovely girl, placing on the old oak table a small basket loaded with the produce of her garden and her poultry-yard.

"Bless thee, young lady!" replied Dame Martin, "thou look'st gay and buxom; the morning air, methinks, has given thy cheeks a more than usual glow. I see thou takest not to heart thy family's misfortunes; would but thy brother cease to brood upon his wrongs, thou mightest still be happy even in thy obscurity."

"Poor Henry!" replied Alice, "he is indeed unhappy. I think there is some secret grief oppressing him. Our injuries, indeed, are great, but I am tempted to believe his native firmness would prevent the deep despondency that in his bosom seems a constant guest, did not some other—"

"Ah! maiden," interrupted the old woman, "is there not cause for grief? thy brother has now reached the age that deeply feels his deprivation: has he *not* wrongs? has he not injuries? his father's fair domain ruthlessly despoiled by a foreign invader; think, think, girl, of flourishing hamlets swept away, think of lordly castles levelled with the dust, of noble families thrown beggars on the wide world, a happy race of peasantry despoiled of their little lot of happiness, and all, Alice, *all*, to gratify a tyrant's brutal pride. Were there not fair forests enow for the pleasures of the chase without *this* cruel exercise of tyranny? Ah, Mistress Alice, this Norman lover of thine has blinded thee to all his countrymen's oppression."

Alice Mortimer's cheeks became deeply tinged as the penetrating glance that accompanied these last words made her shrink involuntarily from the speaker. "Tell thy brother, young lady," continued Dame Martin, "that I predict a speedy close to his misfortunes. I had a dream last night. I saw a Norman perish. The breast that was smitten," continued the old woman, rising into enthusiasm, "was robed in purple; the brow that faded was wreathed with gold; and the blow that was struck redressed the wrongs of thousands."

She ceased, but after a moment's pause, with a discordant voice and an unusual wildness of manner, she sang the following

SONG.

"The Norman's bugle is wound,
His mates in sport appear,
From hill and vale around,
To chase the forest deer.

"The Norman's sport is done—
What death-groan strikes the ear?
Rejoice! 'tis his alone,
Himself the stricken deer."

Alice could not forbear shuddering at the laugh of triumph that accompanied the close of the song; for she had been accustomed to think the tenant of the glen-side possessed a knowledge of future events that could only be obtained by an unhallowed intercourse with spirits.

The "witch of the glen-side" had been long the wonder of those parts of the New Forest which were adjacent to her cottage, or rather hovel, for it consisted of a rude structure of greenwood, overlaid with dried turf. It was reported, that since the period of the dissolution of her native village, (which had been depopulated by the harsh command of William the Conqueror, in the prosecution of his intention of appropriating the most fertile part of Hampshire to the purpose of a royal forest,) the old woman had been subject to a partial aberration of intellect, and that at periods of her mental abstraction she had denounced various maledictions against the reigning family, all of which had been, it was said, most miraculously verified. Whatever degree of credit was to be attached to these notions, it is certain that Dame Martin of the glen-side was a personage of no small importance to the superstitious inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It cannot be wondered, then, that Alice Mortimer heard of her dream with much perturbation. It had never yet been satisfactorily explained to the young lady by what means "the witch" could have arrived at the knowledge of her having received attentions from young Tyrrel, as in all her visits to the cabin, and in all her consultations with the "gifted" Dame Martin, she had never once dropped a hint to that effect.

Alice Mortimer was the daughter of an English gentleman of family, whose estate had been thrown into the New Forest at the earliest period of its formation. Possessing another smaller patrimony on the borders of the forest, Mortimer had retired thither, and sought to bury in oblivion the wrongs he had no power to redress.

His only son, Henry Mortimer, could not, however, forget the blow that had blighted in the bud all his hopes of fame and fortune. Of an aspiring disposition, and strongly attached to his native country, it is not to be supposed that any degree of cordiality could exist between the youth and the young Norman nobles who had taken their residences near Mortimer's estate, for the convenience of prosecuting the pleasures of the chase in the king's forest. From these pleasures, to which Henry was ardently attached, he was prohibited by his English extraction, and his dislike to any office under the Norman government. It will, therefore, we imagine, be readily admitted, that Mortimer and his son were very naturally ignorant of the intimacy existing between Alice and young Tyrrel, the nephew and heir of a Norman knight, whose country residence was in the immediate vicinity. In one of her morning visits to Dame Martin, (who had in happier days been an humble but a favoured dependent upon her father, and her own foster-mother,) Alice had, by some accident, been precipitated into the river, by the side of which lay her path to the "witch of the glen-side's" cabin. From this perilous situation she had been released by the exertions of young Tyrrel. An acquaintance thus began in gratitude had ripened into a warmer passion. Nevertheless the interviews of the lovers were stolen, as Alice knew too well her father's aversion to the Normans to confide to him the secret of young Tyrrel's attachment. This may account for her surprise at Dame Martin being acquainted with the secret of her love. Not a syllable of the "witch of the glen-side's" prophecy escaped Alice Mortimer. Her brother Henry, to whom she took care to relate it, made no secret of the prediction, of the fulfilment of which he entertained not a shadow of doubt.

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"Hey, Fitzwalter! did'st ever see a gallant buck brought more nobly to the ground?" exclaimed Henry Beauclerc, to a nobleman who was hunting with him, as he sprang from his horse, and with his hanger completed the victory his well-directed arrow had begun.

"'Twas bravely done, your highness," replied Fitzwalter. "But what have we here?" continued he, as a number of horsemen came galloping toward them.

"One would not think their horses have been well ridden today," rejoined Prince Henry. As he spoke, a nobleman pushed forward before the rest, and, with a face of terror, declared that his majesty had just fallen a victim to accident or treachery.

"Hey, what!" ejaculated Henry, with ill-dissembled satisfaction. "What is that you say, De la Warre?"

Lord De la Warre repeated his assertion.

"By our lady!" replied Henry, "the villain that hath done the deed shall have his head fly from his shoulders before the sun be down."

"So please your highness," added De la Warre, "I have the arrow which we took from his grace's breast."

"Give it me," cried Henry, and, snatching the fatal weapon, exclaimed, "impossible! It is Sir Walter Tyrrel's crest! *he* is as true a knight as ever broke a lance. My lords! there is some treachery here."

"With your highness's leave I think I can explain," said a young Norman. "But yesterday I heard Henry Mortimer, who lives upon the borders of the forest, predict the sudden and violent death of his majesty. I think he had his information from an old woman who lives—"

"Gramercy, man! what has thy old woman to do with my brother's death?" interrupted the prince. "But thou didst mention Harry Mortimer's name; that youth I've seen, and like him not: he is one of those English wolves who took it in dudgeon to have their dens converted into coverts for the gallant deer. He is a neighbour of the noble Tyrrel, and, perhaps with some stray arrow of the knight's, has done this murderous and most traitorous deed. We must take care that this Englishman escape not condign justice. My lords," continued Henry, "let us to his dwelling; if he has there ensconced himself we have him safe."

The prince mounted his horse, for he had remained standing during his interview with the nobles, and, followed by the whole company of hunters, hastened to the residence of Henry Mortimer.

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"By heavens, a comely maiden!" said Henry Beauclerc, as Alice Mortimer entered the room into which the prince and several nobles had been introduced. In the absence of her father and brother she had come to receive, as she imagined, the hunting party, supposing them to have been in quest of refreshment after their day's exertions. "A comely maiden!" repeated Henry. "Where is thy brother, lady, for I suppose thou art the sister of young Mortimer?"

"My brother, sir," replied Alice, "is absent with his father, nor do I yet expect his return."

"Then by the mass," interrupted Henry, "'tis e'en as I surmised. Knowest thou not, damsel, that thou hast a murderous traitor for a brother?"

"I know that were my brother here," replied the indignant Alice, "thou wouldst not dare to urge such slanderous accusations."

She was about to retire, when Henry closed the door, adding, in a harsher tone, "When Prince Henry speaks he seldom gains such rude reply. Stay, young lady. If thou this instant confess not whither thy brother is fled, I detain thee, as the accomplice and abettor of the king's, my brother's, murderer. This foul and traitorous act thy brother yesterday committed."

Alice, pale and trembling, threw herself at Henry's feet, and protested her brother's innocence. At this moment Lewis Tyrrel entered.

"My lord, I pray thee, distress not that maiden," exclaimed the youth, "I alone deserve thy rage, thy vengeance."

"Thou! *Thou*, Lewis? Impossible!"

"'Tis even so, my prince," replied Tyrrel, taking from his bosom a packet, which he presented to the prince. Henry hastily tore it open.

It was from the uncle of Lewis, and addressed to Prince Henry. In it, Sir Walter Tyrrel acknowledged himself to be the accidental author of his majesty's death, adding, that, unable to support the calamity, he had retired to the nearest port, and embarked for France, with the intention of devoting the remainder of his unhappy existence to the service of his God, in the Holy Land.

Henry perused the letter, and presenting it to Lewis, added, "Tyrrel, it was an unlucky blow. My poor brother, God rest his soul! had, I fear, much of human frailty. But, Tyrrel, thy uncle begs to recommend thee to our favour. Thou art, I believe, his only heir; his estates, then, shall descend to thee unharmed; and to convince thee how entirely I attribute to an accident my brother's unhappy fate, if thou hast any favour now to ask, it shall be thine."

The nobles present had little difficulty to judge from what cause proceeded this sudden and unusual condescension. Lewis Tyrrel led forward the blushing Alice. Kneeling with her at the prince's feet, he besought a restoration of property equivalent to that of which Mortimer had been deprived.

"Enough, Lewis," replied the prince, "such loveliness can never sue in vain to me."

At this moment Henry Mortimer, followed by his father, entered the room. "Mortimer," said Prince Henry, to the father, "thou owest our family no obligations: we must, I think, attempt to fix thy loyalty on a firmer basis than that which now supports it. Thy paternal estate it is, thou knowest, impossible to restore. I have just promised thy daughter an equal extent of England's fairest ground; this shall be doubled if thou wilt allow thy son to serve under his country's banners. One word more, Mortimer," added the prince, when the astonished father had made his grateful acknowledgments, "one word more, Mortimer; this youth, now Sir Lewis Tyrrel, has, by his honourable conduct, saved thy son an ignominious death, and to him thou owest the favours I have granted thee. Thou canst cancel all thy obligations to him, if I err not. Lewis, come hither; fair damsel, thy hand; now, Mortimer, thy blessing on their heads. Thus may England's interests and those of Normandy be blended in one lovely union," added Henry, as the delighted father pronounced his benediction. "And now, my lords," continued he, "let us to Winchester, and may this first act prove an auspicious omen of the first Henry's future reign!" CHARLES M.

SPRING TOKENS.

By the Author of 'The Harp of Innisfail.'

'Tis the evening time! 'tis the mellow hour
When the new spring breathes on each od'rous flower,
And the soft gale, leaving its mountain cave
Brings its wreaths of sun to the bounding wave;
'Tis the evening hour, and the sky above
Is echoing out all notes of love,
For the vocal birds, as they mount on high,
Are filling the air with their psaltery.

There are scents of sweets all o'er the earth,—
Sweet incense to greet the season's birth;
There's a gentle breeze through the genial air,
Such breeze as the clouds, in the young May month, may bear;
And the world looks green with all bright things,
That come wafted by on summer's wings,
And, nor grief, nor tear, nor sorrow now
May borrow an hour to darken the brow.

The still frost chain, from the closed-up stream,
Has melted its links in the spring sun's gleam;
And the lilac branch and the cowslip stems
Are studding earth's brow with their pretty gems
And the cataract's roar through the leafless vale,
That came mingled down with the winter's gale,
Its voice of foam and of rioting spray
Hath changed to the streamlet's murmuring lay.

I am here, in my garb of sun and smiles—
I am here to gladden the old man's toils:
I am here, when the maiden is braiding her hair,
To make her fair bloom seem e'en more fair!
I am here, to chase all marks of woe
From the young man's heart and the old man's brow;
And on each green tree my trophies appear,
To tell that, in buds and scents, I'm here!

But where are the glad ones—the young and gay—
In my season's time I looked on yesterday?
Oh! where are they gone of the blithesome eye,
And the cheek that bloomed as it ne'er could die?
Where are the brave of heart and hand,
Who walked in strength through their father's land?
Whose foot was fleet as the roe-buck's tread,
When he leaps abroad from his heather bed.

There is silence now in the lonesome bower,
Which I looked on last in the festal hour;
And the bannered hall, where the gay ones stood,
Is the silent hall of solitude.
And there is the token of grief and care
In the tremulous lip and the whitened hair;
And though sun and flowers to the earth I bring,
I have no light for the heart's shadowing!

And there have been changes on the faces
I left most blessed in beauty's graces;
And in childhood's eye there have been tears,
I thought could not come for many years;
And beautiful forms have vanished away,
That made the home's hearth smiling and gay;
And death to his spectre halls has brought
The lofty of mind and proud of thought.

But I am here, with my gifts of flowers,
To bind around the light-winged hours,
And the sky and earth are full of song,
Thrilled from the wild bird's untaught tongue;
And as a spirit that loves to dwell
Round the spot that, in life, it loved full well,
My resting place, as erst, shall be
In the fragrant shrub and the blossoming tree.

Castle Lough, Killarney.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Though anger clouds that beauteous brow,
Loveliest! in vain the cause I seek,
I deemed not that a lover's vow
Could tinge with wrath a lady's cheek!

My soul upon thy beauty hung,
And thine the crime, if crime if it be,
That daring freedom nerved my tongue,
While drooped my soul in slavery.

THE CROPPY.

By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'

(Concluded from page 101.)

On the following Sunday, Mr. Cullen and an aged friend paid the Glen a visit; they came for the express purpose of ascertaining whether Mr. Mulloy's representations were correct, and after making proper allowance for the natural exaggeration of a blackman, they did not find much to complain of; Mon was delighted with the future residence of his daughter; praised Matty's system of husbandry, and even admitted that Nurse Rossiter's butter and cheese were as good as any made within sight of the Lady's Island.

Matty's journey to Carne led the neighbours to suspect that he went in pursuit of a "great fortune," for, in accordance with the nature of associations, they generally substitute the money for the wife; and the arrival of "Beany Bags"* confirmed their suspicion. Much jealousy boiled over on this occasion; it was hinted that Matty might have gotten a good wife nearer home, and that some one who could take care of his house was better suited for a person in his situation than a slaumeen from Carne. To all this Matty turned a deaf ear; but there was one who gave expression to her disappointment in terms more alarming.

One mild, mellow evening, a short time before his intended nuptials, as Matty was proceeding towards the residence of Father Dake, for the purpose of confessing, preparatory to his entering upon an awful responsibility, he met, apparently by accident, Mary Codey. Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes rested as motionless in her head as if they were fixtures: at once she reproached him with a want of faith and base deception; and, before he could say a word by way of convincing her that she had no reason to complain, she fell upon her knees and breathed a curse upon him, so wild, so vehement, and so vindictive, that he was perfectly paralysed; he was not more superstitious than others, but he did not like having an "oath in heaven" against him; and, in common with his neighbours, he believed an oath once made fell somewhere. He would have raised her from the ground; reasoned with her; but she pushed him violently from her, at the same time repeating an incoherent vow of vengeance which she had only uttered a moment before.

The place was lonely in the extreme; the mountain threw its

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* A contemptuous appellation for the inhabitants of Forth. They are the only people in Ireland who cultivate field beans.

shade upon them, and the perfect stillness of the evening was in solemn keeping with the scene. This affected Matty; something like a prescience of evil passed through his mind; he felt as if he were unhappy; and, eager to shake off any impression of the kind, he again approached Mary with words of kindness, uttered in that soothing tone which is so natural and so familiar to the Irish peasantry. She listened to him; a beam of hope crossed her cheek; and thinking that her violence had operated favourably upon him, she forgot the becoming delicacy of her sex, and demanded if he would make her his wife. His answer was prompt, and in the negative; he had never given her such a hope; he now laughed at the proposition: this aroused the yet burning flame within her; she repeated her denunciations and her maledictions; and, filled with grief and disgust, Matty rushed from her presence.

He could not now think of confession; he had lost that religious composure which accompanied him from his home, and, less with the hope of regaining it than of cooling his burning brow in the cool breeze of evening, he struck into a by-path, and wandered along the margin of a little mountain stream, now deprived, in summer's drought, of that natural melody which running water produces. After walking for half an hour he sat down upon the bank, pulled a few sorrels, and was mechanically chewing them, when he heard footsteps approach him. Presently, Tommy Codey, Mary's eldest brother, stood before him: this man bore but an indifferent character in the country; he was of gigantic stature; uncouth and unfeeling, and being of a quarrelsome disposition, he kept his more feeble contemporaries in continual apprehension. His presence at such a time, and in such a place, was any thing but agreeable to Matty; he feared his vengeance, and at once prepared to encounter it; he started upon his feet with evident symptoms of alarm, and demanded the reason of the intrusion. Codey was cool and collected, affected surprise at his neighbour's manner, and in his turn inquired the cause of it; Matty was quite candid; he told all that had occurred between Mary and himself, and expressed much concern for the delusion she laboured under.

"Delusion call you it, Matty?" said Codey. "I'll tell you, spalpeen, it is no delusion; you *must* fulfil your promise to my sister, or—" and he caught him by the arm in his gigantic grasp. The object of his vengeance, however, did not submit unresistingly; they grappled, and Matty, by the alertness with which he used his feet, brought his opponent to the ground. His advan-

tage, however, was but momentary. Codey was instantly on his feet again, and quickly convinced his adversary that the contest was unequal. Matty fell to the ground like a thing lifeless, and Codey was preparing to spurn him with his foot, when interrupted by Billy Mulloy, who had opportunely arrived to save—perhaps the life of his friend. He was in search of some stray sheep, and happened to make this path his way by the merest accident. Seeing two opposed to him, Codey sullenly withdrew, vowing, however, to take, at another time, ample revenge for the indignity which he said had been offered to his sister.

The events of this evening made a deep impression upon the mind of Matty; he had lived free of contention of any kind, and was not conscious of having an enemy upon earth. One, however, had now started up quite unexpectedly; and he was not philosopher enough to set at nought the busy whispers of the world. His moral principles might be impeached; and, as women, right or wrong, when they complain, are sure of sympathy, he was wise enough to expect that popular opinion would be against him. Still he had a duty to perform; he owed to himself, and to her whom he had selected to be his partner in life, to act in this emergency as became a man upright and honourable. He accordingly set about making arrangements for the reception of his wife, and he found the bustle of active preparations relieve him from the dejected thoughts which had for some days preyed upon him.

At length the eventful day arrived. Accompanied by a score horsemen, and as many "friends," who rode double, he set out to claim the hand of his betrothed. The journey was performed in sober order; and soon after his arrival the blushing, beauteous bride was united to her sturdy husband. With a delicacy which might afford to be imitated in higher stations, the bride usually remains in Ireland for a few weeks after marriage in the house of her parents, and on the present occasion the good old custom was not departed from. Matty returned to look after his farm; and when the usual interval between the wedding and the *hauling home** had past, Matty departed for his wife. He was accompanied by his bridesman,† Billy Mulloy, and about fifteen choice spirits, mounted in a manner calculated to enable them to compete with the Carne gallants, who would, as a thing of course, ac-

* The English reader is informed that bringing the bride to the house of her husband is called *the hauling home*.

† At the wedding the *blackman* is usually transformed into the *bridesman*.

company their fair countrywoman to the home of her husband. The cavalcade proceeded in excellent order, stopping for *dock-a-dhurrus** at every ale-house they passed, until they reached the residence of Mon Cullen; here a party was prepared to meet them, and all along the road which they had to travel nothing less was expected than an equestrian trial of skill between the Killmanan and the Carne "boys."

After much delay, heartfelt regret, and affectionate tears, Fanny was placed upon a pillion behind Billy Mulloy; the husband always delegating the care of his wife, on such occasions, to his bridesman. Mon exhorted them all to be calm, to avoid running races, and to take care of their necks. This was good advice, but it was fated, like much better counsel elsewhere, to be unheeded. No sooner were the horses' heads fairly turned towards Bargie, than, as if by a general impulse, all set forward at full gallop; the road was soon abandoned for a path of greater peril; and a stranger would have supposed that he was witnessing a stag-hunt, rather than the removal of a bride to her future home. In a short time the mountain of Forth became visible; and, just as night fell, they reached Killmanan. The bridegroom had here a new trial to go through. According to an immemorial custom, every one, on the occasion of a hauling home, are privileged to pelt the new married man, with all their might, provided they use no other missile than cabbage-stalks. Matty expected the unwelcome storm; and, after many suggestions from his friends, resolved to run the gauntlet with all possible expedition: he therefore set off at full gallop; and at first he was saluted by a solitary stalk, thrown from the cover of the hedge; another followed, and as he approached the house the shower thickened. The air resounded with laughter, and the poor sufferer had just reached the bawn-gate, when something harder than a cabbage-stump struck him on the temple; he tumbled from his saddle; but unfortunately his foot caught in the stirrup, and, as the horse continued at full speed, he was taken up, in the bawn, in a state of insensibility.

Conjecture was now busy respecting the malicious person who threw the deadly missile; and the crime, by general consent, was laid to the charge of Tommy Codey; he was seen behind the hedge, exactly opposite where Matty fell; and, on witnessing the effect of the blow, he hastily quitted the place. In the meantime the bridegroom continued to grow worse. On a surgeon

* Stirrup-cup; that is, a cup drank on horseback, at the door.

being sent for it was discovered that his left leg was broken, and his body contused in several places. This was a sad conclusion to a day of gaiety; and none had more cause to feel regret than Fanny; she was a stranger in a house of mourning, her own sorrow was forgotten in her affectionate attention to her husband, who, on his part, felt the pain of a fixed recumbent position considerably lessened by the caresses and care of a young and lovely wife. He knew his present pangs would not endure; and when once more blessed with health and the use of all his limbs, what joys were in store for him! He was entering, as it were, upon a new life, and he anticipated no future interruption. With Fanny he could not be otherwise than happy.

When his wounds were healed, and the doctor had given assurance of a speedy recovery, a long absent friend made his appearance at the Glen. It was the landlord, Mr. Healy. He had spent the last seven years at Oxford, in London, and on the Continent; and, though a mere stripling when he quitted the country, he had now returned in all the fulness of manhood. His foster-brother recognized him at once; but he perceived, with regret, that time, and college, and travel, had wrought a sad change in his disposition. His language was no longer the same; it was composed of flash phrases, quite unintelligible to Matty; and, though by no means fastidious, the oath of the young squire surprised him. His manner, too, was altered, and, as Matty thought, for the worse; it had not that former familiar kindness in it which rendered him so dear to his foster-brother; it was haughty, distant, and calculated to impress upon his old playfellow a consciousness of inferiority. All this, however, might be right; Mr. Healy was under the necessity, perhaps, of supporting the dignity of his station; and when he took his departure from the Glen, Nurse Rossiter and Fanny were loud in the praises of the squire; his visit was considered an honour; and, as the condescension of greatness is sure to please, Matty offered no opposition to their laudations, but he felt that they were in part undeserved.

In a few days a visitor of a very different description came to the Glen, in all the flaunting finery of a rustic belle. When Mary Codey entered, all were filled with surprise; but her manner was so kind, her regrets for the past appeared so sincere, and her wishes to be considered on her footing of former friendship expressed with so much earnestness, that she found herself quickly restored to the good opinion of her neighbours. Matty was glad to see her under such circumstances; it relieved him

from many unpleasant apprehensions, and would convince the censorious that he had not wronged her. To Fanny, Mary was particularly attentive; and on a disposition so confiding and unsuspecting, her proffers of friendship and regard made a forcible impression. She was now constant in her visits; and the young squire came almost every day; he praised Fanny's beauty much more than Matty desired; but, when he snatched a kiss from her one day before his departure, the anger of the husband had almost overcome the habitual deference of the foster-brother. Still it was only in accordance with his wild manner, and a proof of his high opinion of Fanny's personal charms.

Fanny had now been at the Glen five or six weeks, and had hardly stirred from her husband's bedside; he was now, however, getting quite stout, and he insisted upon her accompanying Mary Codey to the pattern of Killmanan, which, of course, always occurs upon a holiday in the parish. He felt very lonely during her absence, for she had, by this time, become necessary to his happiness; and he rejoiced when she returned. There was even more than usual fondness in her caresses, but he thought her cheek was flushed, and her eyes had that appearance which follows recent weeping; he did not question her, however, but an incipient jealousy was awakened when he learnt next day that she had gone from the pattern to see Healy Hall. His heart misgave him; he became restless and unhappy, a fever ensued, and his recovery was considerably protracted. When he was able to leave his bed the world had no charms for him; he looked upon every thing around his dwelling with a misanthropic eye, and viewed Fanny with a fixed stare of indecision; he knew not whether he should love or hate. One so innocently-looking, so tender, and so pretty, *ought* to be guiltless; but then her visit to Healy Hall, her concealing it from him, and her appearance and manner on her return, gave testimony against her. Still he had only his suspicions; and, apprehensive of the "world's dread laugh," and fearful of lowering Fanny in her own estimation—in the estimation of her friends—he did not communicate to any living being the thoughts that madly tortured him. Could he ascertain the fact which he most dreaded he imagined he should be happy; dishonour itself, he fancied, would be preferable to the horrors of suspense.

He who suspects the fidelity of his wife must be a coward; if he whispers his suspicions to a living being, and these prove unfounded, he stands through life a conspicuous thing for the finger of scorn to point at; he puts his domestic happiness in jeopardy;

and he runs the risk of forfeiting the affection of her he wrongs. And then his children!—This is what makes the jealous man additionally miserable; he is compelled to seem to be what he is not; he becomes a hypocrite, and affects a friendship for those he loaths and detests. The world is to him a place of torture; and, if wanting in moral courage, he naturally seeks, in an unhallowed death, an escape from mental torture—the worst, the most poignant of sufferings.

Matty found himself in this situation; the squire was almost daily in his visits; his attentions to Fanny were marked and unseemly, but still the husband spoke not; he indirectly mentioned the circumstance to his mother, but she ridiculed his suspicion, and he had not courage again to allude to it. In the mean time the alteration in his looks and manner did not escape the observations of his neighbours; and, while he thought that his wife was virtuous in the eyes of others, if not in his own, he was maddened to find that he was looked upon by all as one consuming with unavowed jealousy—as a man deeply injured by one who ought to have been the last to injure him in so tender a part. Still he affected ignorance; and when Fanny presented to him her first-born, his heart was softened: he caressed the babe with a father's fondness, but, on suddenly turning round, he caught Mary Codey, behind his back, laughing at him. He looked again at the infant, and thought he recognized, in its unsettled features, the exact picture of his foster-brother; he dropped it upon the bed, hurried out of the house, and, in a state of distraction, wandered into the fields; but he could not escape from the suspicions that haunted him. He threw himself upon the ground, started up, and again sunk to the earth.

Night fell around, and he thought not of home. Exhausted by his own phrenzy, he lay motionless on the earth; and was not conscious of any one being present, when he was forcibly lifted from the ground, a bandage placed on his eyes, and his hair, with considerable adroitness, was cut close to his head. He offered hardly any resistance, but when left alone a new direction was given to his thoughts. He had been importuned to enter into the society of United Irishmen, and as they knew each other by the shortness of their hair, he imagined it was a party of the conspirators who had thus admitted him, without his consent, a member of the body. Next day, when the squire visited the Glen, he playfully removed Matty's hat, and then laughingly exclaimed, "A Croppy!" and Croppy henceforth was the title by which Rossiter was known throughout the country, a so-

briquet which was subsequently extended to the insurgents of 1798.

This new insult aroused Matty to a sudden ebullition of feeling; he spoke sharply to his landlord; and, for once, indulged in the idea of seeking revenge, by removing the object of his suspicions. His whole soul was absorbed in this feeling; at first it was delightful; it served to give new energy to his mind; but reflection warned him of the sin and danger that attended such an act; and when he was on the point of perpetrating the dreadful deed, the pistol dropped from his hand: holier and kinder thoughts occurred, and he escaped the crime of having stained his hands in the blood of a foster-brother.

During all this time Fanny exhibited towards her husband the most tender affection; but in her presence he preserved an obstinate silence; several times she attempted to address him, but he either commanded her to desist, or abruptly left her. When she presented the baby for a kiss, he frowned, and turned away; and when she wept, he never offered consolation.

The general discontent now burst forth in open rebellion; but Matty was at first indifferent to the events which were passing around him. During the first week of the insurrection, Fanny was one day missed at dinner; nurse Rossiter had the child, but no mother appeared. The family were in great alarm, and all were on the point of going out in search of her, when Mary Codey entered. There was a smile of exultation on her face, and, turning towards Matty, she said, jeeringly, "Rossiter, where is your Barnyforth wife now?"

"Where!" exclaimed the unhappy man, starting up on his feet.

"In the squire's arms, Matty! in the squire's arms!" she replied; "Ha! is Mary Codey revenged, Matty?"

But he wanted not to gratify her revenge; he snatched his pistol, and ran to Healy Hall; here, however, he could find no traces of his wife; but he learnt enough to convince him that his long cherished suspicions were not without some foundation. A flood of bitter tears relieved his heart, and, while the paroxysm was on him, Billy Mulloy, in the dress of an insurgent officer, paid him a visit. Treason could not approach him at a moment better calculated to secure admission into his breast; he hurried to Wexford, and, as the man who had dishonoured him was a Protestant, he was easily persuaded to look upon all the professors of that creed as enemies. His natural humanity gave way to momentary rage: he exceeded the most sanguinary in the dreadful excesses of the day, and, from the savage ferocity he ex-

hibited, a band of ruffians chose him for their leader. While busy with the work of destruction on Wexford Bridge, a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "Matty Rossiter, where is your wife?"

"Where?" he demanded, turning round; and Mary Codey stood before him.

"At Healy Hall," she replied.

"You tould me so afore, an lied," said he.

"No," said she; 'I sed Fanny was in the squire's arms, but did not say at Healy Hall. She is there now, however, Matty."

"The captain is an injured man," cried the mob, and as he made a movement to depart a host of people volunteered to accompany him. As they passed up John Street, Mary's voice was heard from the church-yard, exclaiming "Matty Rossiter, am I revenged?"

At Healy Hall they were refused admittance; but resistance only increased their resolution to enter. The place was regularly besieged; and while the insurgents were busy breaking in the front door, Matty gained admission by a back window, every part of the mansion being long familiar to him. Hurrying up stairs, with the fury of a jealous man, he met Mr. Healy descending. They grappled, and both rolled down together into the passage.

"Hold, Matty, hold! don't you know me—your own foster-brother?" said the squire, piteously.

"Know you? Yes!" replied the enraged Matty, "I have a right to know you." And he struck him with his pistol on the temple. "This hour is mine," he continued, "and now for revenge."

But just as he was about to pull the trigger of the levelled pistol, Fanny, her dress torn, and her hair streaming about her face, rushed between her husband and his victim. "No murder!" she exclaimed; "Matty, dear Matty, no murder! Your poor Fanny is safe."

"Strumpet!" he cried, and he madly struck her to the ground, as he strode past her to reach the squire. At this moment the door gave way, amidst the cheers of the assailants; and Mr. Healy, yielding to a sudden dread, cried out, "Matty, save me!" An insurgent hand was upon him; but such is the strangeness of man's nature, the individual who was about to slay now proved a protector. "He is my victim," said Matty, firmly. "The bridge of Wexford!" shouted the people. "No—here, here!" cried Tommy Codey, who now suddenly appeared among them; "the wretch," said he, "has ruined my sister. She was good

and virtuous till he poisoned her mind, and brought shame upon the name of Codey."

The cry of immediate vengeance then grew louder, for the nice sense of female honour maintained amongst the Irish peasantry fills them with detestations against the violators of it. The "Croppy," as Matty was now called, resolved to defend his foster-brother—at least from instant destruction; but the mal-contents were not to be disappointed of their prey: they pressed forward, and soon overpowered all opposition. The groans of the unhappy man, as the multitude were trampling life out of him, mingled dismally with the shrieks of Fanny, and the fearful buzz of the enraged populace.

In a few minutes the work of destruction was accomplished: the "Croppy" was borne away by his followers, and the unhappy Fanny was carried senseless to the house of a neighbour. It now appeared that she was sinless and stainless. Mary Codey had wormed herself into her confidence, in the hope of accomplishing her ruin, and had agreed to betray her into the power of Healy, although that thoughtless young man had been her own paramour. On the day of the pattern an unsuccessful attempt was made on Fanny's honour; and the abduction which followed might have been prevented, had Matty listened to or sought an explanation. The squire, availing himself of the opportunities afforded him by his privilege of visiting his nurse, persecuted her with his detestable passion, until, seeing that her virtue was impregnable, he came to the resolution of possessing himself of her person by force. Events prevented the full accomplishment of his design, and though she loathed the wretch, she did not wish her husband to become a murderer. She was faint with grief, watching, and apprehension, and the scene which she witnessed at Healy Hall eventually deprived her of reason. She wandered through the country for some time, neglected; and when found by her afflicted father, she was reduced to a skeleton: all traces of her former loveliness had vanished, and an early grave hid her from the world.

The unfortunate "Croppy" performed many acts of madness during the rebellion; and on its cessation he betook himself to the fastnesses of the country, and joined the "babes in the wood," a name by which the outlaws were known. Weary with a life abhorrent to his feelings, he wandered home; but the heirs of Healy had levelled his once happy dwelling. He sat upon the ruins, and if his reflections had less sublimity than those of Marius amidst the fallen columns of Carthage, they were more

heart-rending; they were of a domestic nature, and he had nothing to expect from posterity. His injured wife was already dead, and his mother was not expected to survive her many months. On the following day he surrendered himself to a magistrate; and as his conduct on the bridge of Wexford was notorious, he received from a court-martial sentence of death. On his way to the felon's gallows a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "Matty, I am revenged!" He turned round—Mary Codey stood before him. He raised his eye to heaven, and passed firmly on.

THE SILENT VOICE.

The silent voice! that powerful spell,
That more than human tongue can tell!
That speaks from the mansions of coldness and gloom,
And rings through the still of the lonely tomb!
That can lull the accents of woe to sleep,
Or bid the gay votary of pleasure weep!

Have ye not heard it when sorrow hath pressed
With hand of iron your aching breast?
Have ye not heard its soft tones roll
In tidings of comfort and joy on the soul?
Hath its breath ne'er extinguished the flames of care,
Nor smothered the struggles of wan despair?

Or, 'mid the gay moments of joyance and glee
Have its warnings ne'er rung forth mournfully?
At its sound have the visions of bliss ne'er fled,
Nor grief on the soul its dark drops shed,
Nor the gushing tear that swiftly broke
The aching throbs of the heart bespoke?

When the moon in her glory reigns on high,
As her silvery robe hath met your eye,
Hath it ne'er echoed with solemn sound,
As from the arch of the blue profound?
Have its melting tones ne'er called your gaze
To feast on those scenes of fond amaze?

Hath it ne'er led you from earth to soar,
To read in that volume of mystic lore
The might of Him whose hand on high
Hath scattered the spangles that gem the sky—
Who hath poised their orbits with knowledge and might,
And set laws to the speed of their measureless flight?

When life is fresh in its gayest bloom,
Have its notes never been of the weeping tomb?
Hath it ne'er whispered our brightest day
May set to behold us—lifeless clay?
And when health and vigour have bid us rejoice,
Has sorrow ne'er dwelt in the "silent voice?"

CAROLAN.

THE PROTEGÉE.

The flowers of May were lingering on the brow of June, Spring had waited to welcome Summer, and Nature was arrayed in that full flush of loveliness, which, in England, is brief as it is beautiful, when I went into ——shire, after seven years consideration, to visit an old friend. After all, there is not half so much delight in renewing long-interrupted connexions as people are desirous of thinking; if old friends could be found the same after twenty years estrangement, as they were in early youth, then would it be a refreshment to meet with them in our journey through life; but subject to the ravages of time, both in our persons and our minds, it is well, perhaps, unless we can grow old together, and imperceptibly, to part with mutual good will at the first stage of our pilgrimage, and not allow the pleasing retrospections of early years to be broken up by suffering ourselves to witness the decay of beauty which we once believed unfading, and the decline of genius which we thought immortal. It was not a disappointment so severe as this, however, that awaited me on the occasion alluded to; my friend was indeed changed, the beauty and brilliancy of youth were gone, but the "enemy" had spared many delightful qualifications, and amongst the rest a habit of story-telling, which even at school had been a grand characteristic.

To ramble amongst the beautiful scenery which surrounded his residence, and to listen to his tales, for there was scarcely a stone for which he had not a legend, or a house about which he could not relate a history, was the best entertainment my visit afforded. We set out one evening on an expedition of this kind; the air was filled with the perfume of Flora's children, and blew with a cool freshness different both from the languid breezes of a sultry atmosphere, and the chilling breath of an autumnal wind; the sun was fast sinking, and his beams were gilding the topmost peaks of the hills; they were "flashed back again" by the almost innumerable windows of a large Gothic mansion, which, as I turned hastily round to observe the effect of the descending light, actually caused an involuntary start, so intensely did they reflect the rays, as to appear like eyes of fire glaring from under the dark brows of the ancient edifice. This circumstance attracted my attention to the building. The hand of modern architecture had softened down none of its angles, its pointed gables cut against the evening sky in a harsh outline peculiarly unpleasing, whilst the moat which surrounded its massive walls, and the narrow bridge which led to its ponderous gates, seemed

to promise but a "questionable" welcome to its interior. Nor had the primitive exactness of a magnificent avenue been disturbed; the old trees stood, as they had done for ages, like guards on duty, while a distant view of the gardens showed a range of terraces enlivened here and there with a box or yew tree, distorted into a shape something like a bird or beast, as it might happen; and a waterfall, from a few feet, trickled, with a tantalizing monotony, into a marble basin, which seemed to be considered too great an ornament to be hidden by such supernumeraries as flowers or shrubs. The whole aspect of the place was uninviting, and I listened, with a highly-excited curiosity, to the following account, which, according to his usual custom, my friend related of its inmates.

"'The family,'" he said, "consists of Sir Roger Blount, his three sisters, and their protegée. The baronet is more remarkable for his pride and choler than any thing more worthy of remark; inaccessible, unsocial, he consumes his life in a never-ending, still beginning, strife with his friends and neigbours; he is, let all womankind be thankful, a bachelor, and his sisters (perhaps *man*kind have no great reason to lament,) are spinsters. Tired of their own society, yet shrinking from an intercourse with the neighbourhood, they thought it expedient, some years since, to invite a younger brother's youngest daughter to reside with them at Oldfield Hall. It was on just such an evening as this that the carriage containing their little victim drove through the avenue; it was painful to think how many innocent pleasures she was about to sacrifice for the 'glorious uncertainty' of a legacy in perspective.

"The footsteps of childhood were strange sounds in the halls of Oldfield, and it was long before Margaret Blount could be made to regulate her's to the delicate ears and sensitive nerves of her new host: it was long, too, before she could remember that it was against the rules of the establishment to laugh at any thing but Sir Roger's jokes, (which were 'few and far between,') and the tricks of Aunt Peggy's favourite pug dog. It was long before she could be made to recollect that singing belonged exclusively to the choristers of the village church, and that the Misses Blount could endure no other; and long, very long before she could forget the delightful companionship of a large family of brothers and sisters, and the never-ceasing care and kindness of her father and mother. Most children would have pined into a consumption under such discipline as she experienced; she, however, retained her spirit and '*gaieté de cœur*,' though a little

tamed and moderated, to suit 'the fashion of the time,' and she flitted about Oldfield with somewhat the air of a caged bird that would be glad to escape, yet was determined to make the best of a very sorry condition. She has 'the merry black eye,' a sure indication of quick intellect and vivacity of temper, which rather belongs to the French than the English physiognomy; not a large, dark, languishing orb that looks nothing but sentiment and passion, but small, bright, and piercing, it sheds a brilliancy over the whole countenance; it is, indeed, the 'window to her soul,' and, added to teeth of pearly whiteness, and a smile irresistibly charming, we have a *tout ensemble* which is usually described by the word *figurante*.

"To mediate between the disputing parties, for Sir Roger and his sisters were frequently in open warfare, to answer the letters of distant cousins who occasionally ventured to offer a few words of civility, in the hope of making a figure in Sir Roger's will, and to read a sermon daily to Aunt Peggy, the subject generally chosen being the duties of obedience and humility, formed the chief employment of Margaret's years till she reached the age of fifteen. It happened, at that period, that Miss Louisa Blount, a lady who seemed to have monopolized the talents of the whole family, but whose person had early faded, and whose temper had been soured by the ill success of an early attachment, wished to divert her mind by the study of botany, and on that account, regretting her ignorance of Latin, she sent Margaret to a neighbouring clergyman, to gain a sufficient knowledge of that language to assist in prosecuting her plan. This opened a new era in the life of Margaret, for as nothing is positively good or bad but by comparison, she felt her situation at Oldfield doubly irksome by contrasting it with the happy state of freedom enjoyed by the family of Mr. Worthington. It happened, too, that Arthur Middleton, another pupil of that gentleman, sometimes crossed her path: he was a few years older than herself, and his lot in life was rather similar, for he had been taken from his home by a lady and gentleman and brought up as their heir; but Arthur Middleton was in danger of being spoiled by the kindness of his guardians, not, like Margaret, by their severity. The anxiety of Mrs. Beresford to prevent his catching cold cost him the sacrifice of many a stroll, and the dread which Mr. Beresford had of drowning prevented the possibility of his getting within a mile of a piece of water. Fishing, shooting, every sport was prohibited on the plea of danger, by his cruelly kind friends. Both Arthur and Margaret possessed spirits impatient of restraint; they

therefore made common cause against the restrictions of Beech Lodge and Oldfield Hall, complained freely of the respective systems, sympathized in each other's grievances, and finally fell in love.

"The hour which would bring them together on their way to the vicarage was now the only one in the twenty-four that had any place in their memories; the rest of the day was a mere blank. Some awkward mistakes occurred in consequence; Margaret addressed 'My dear Arthur,' instead of 'My dear Deborah,' when writing, to Aunt Peggy's bosom friend, who, however, being half blind, did not discover the mistake; and Arthur took a copy of verses, redolent of Margaret, to Mr. Worthington, instead of a Latin exercise; but he, having no taste for English poetry, returned it at the first glance. Still the families were quite ignorant of their secret; Margaret's aunts had hitherto had so little occasion to reprove her that the negligence she at present evinced varied the 'even tenour' of their lives, and gave them an opportunity of scolding *her* as well as their maids; indeed, Margaret's decrease of vivacity rendered her an object of unusual interest to her Aunt Isabel, who thought it a proof of virtue to appear miserable, and who observed, with satisfaction, that 'Margaret was low-spirited, poor thing! She was like her and her great aunt, who was never seen to smile; a family complaint, poor thing!'

"As for Arthur, his numerous trespasses only afforded kind Mrs. Beresford an opportunity of quarrelling with him for the pleasure of making it up again; so that he and his young love might have grown old under the wings of their benefactors, without a suspicion of their mutual attachment, but for one of those accidents which flow impetuously into the tide of life, ruffling its current and overwhelming the little tributary stream of true love, 'the course' of which 'did never yet run smooth.'

"Captain Whitbourne invited himself to Oldfield Hall to take the diversion of shooting, in the same September that Margaret completed her seventeenth year; he was the son of a schoolfellow of Sir Roger, with whom he had been at Eton; the baronet thought the honour intended him quite superfluous, and wished a few weeks later had been named, when he was sure to be laid up with the gout. However, politeness, that invaluable substitute for hospitality, obliged him to answer the captain's proposal with an assurance that he should be most happy to see him. The hero came: he was a young man who had seen some service and a great deal of the world, was allowed, by the ladies, to be hand-

some, and believed himself an Adonis; vanity regulated alike his opinions and his actions, and he was every inch a coxcomb. He was, therefore, quite an anamoly at Oldfield Hall; Sir Roger uttered a despairing ejaculation of 'What shall we do with him?' as he saw him alight from his tilbury; the old ladies looked ruffled and disconcerted, while Margaret's eyes were lighted up with unusual brightness, under the influence of two feelings very common to her—maidenly curiosity, and the love of something new. Captain Whitbourne's sensations were not more pleasant than those his appearance had occasioned in his host. 'Humph,' thought he, as he took a survey of the family, 'one, two, three, four, five; here is a bore for almost every day of the week I intend to stay!' While stepping up to the baronet, who received him with the most punctilious ceremony, he assured him 'that to find himself at Oldfield was one of the happiest events of his life.'

"Another glance round the apartment convinced the captain that *all* the family did not belong to 'the years before the flood.' Margaret, he saw, was young and tolerably pretty; she must admire him, of course; besides, she would be very good game of an evening, when the field game was over. In conformity with these notions he set about making himself perfectly agreeable, and succeeded so well that in a few hours he had quite established himself in Margaret's good graces, who, before she rested that night, began an essay on the difference between love and admiration, evidently endeavouring to excuse her own heart to her own conscience for allowing any portion of its regard to be stolen from Arthur Middleton. Sir Roger retired very well pleased to see that Captain Whitbourne would amuse himself with his 'little cousin,' an epithet he had only once before applied to his protegée, and that was when she wrote an epigram on Sir Ralph Mortimer, his nearest neighbour and bitterest enemy; he could now, he thought, turn the captain over to the gamekeepers and his niece, take his usual nap after dinner, engage himself with his man of business all the morning, and get through the dreaded week much better than he expected.

"The rich hues of an autumnal sunset were glowing over the landscape, the windows of Sir Roger's dining-room were thrown up to admit the breezes which, after a sultry September day, deserve, even in England, to be called bland. Sir Roger himself was resolutely prosecuting his intended snooze, and the Misses Blount had withdrawn, politely hoping that Margaret would do her utmost to entertain their guest, who was standing and pointing out, with a painter's feeling, the beauties of the Claude-like scene which lay before the window. 'Sir Roger Blount has no

Claudes in his collection, I think,' said the captain. 'Oh, no,' replied Margaret, 'battle pieces and field sports are more to his taste, subjects in which there is something to be contended for —a life and death matter.' '*Bon dieu!* then he should change places with me, for I am sick of war, and would willingly give up my captaincy for his baronetcy.'

"Margaret looked at her companion with a piercing glance; the declaration was so at variance with his general conversation that she thought and told him 'he was not to be believed.' 'Tis true, my dear young lady, 'tis true, by my sword!' said the hero. 'What, exchange the fashion and fame of Captain Whitbourne for the obscurity and dull uniformity of Sir Roger Blount's existence?' exclaimed Margaret. '*Certainement.*' 'And for what?' 'For you,' whispered the captain, trying to look irresistible, and stealing a look at the sleeping baronet. Margaret blushed, but instantly recovering her self-possession, she said, laughing, 'You are very good, sir, to pay me such a high compliment, but pray allow me to tell you that even if I gave you credit for what you have just asserted, which I am free to say I do not, there are reasons which must prevent my listening to any thing more of the kind.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

STANZAS.

I WANDERED by her side in Youth's fair spring,
When all the world seemed beautiful and young,
When Hope was Truth, and she a peerless thing,
Round which my heart's best, fondest wishes clung;
Her cheek was fanned, not smitten by Time's wing;
Her heart Love had drawn sweets from, but not stung;
And as in Youth's and Beauty's light she moved,
All blessed her—she was lovely and beloved!

I stood by her again, when her cheek bloomed
Brighter than ever, but with ominous hue;
And her eyes' fire was dimmed not, but assumed
A warmer, wilder, yet a ghastlier blue;
And her wan cheek proclaimed that she was doomed,
And her worn frame her soul seemed bursting through,
And friends and lovers were around her sighing,
And life's last sands were ebbing—she was dying!

I stood by her again, and, bending down,
Sealed on her lips a pledge which they returned not,
And pressed her to my bosom, but her own
With life's warm throb to mine responsive burned not;
I clasped her hand, but, as in days by-gone,
Her heart's thoughts from its eloquent pulse I learned not;
Light from her eye, hue from her cheek had fled,
And her warm heart was frozen—she was dead!

CHARLES M.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THERE has been as yet no want of new books. The appetite of the reading public seems to increase as the season declines; and publishers, apparently eager to sustain the excitement, have, it would appear, reserved their best and most novel works for the month of August. Some years since no bookseller thought of tempting the town with even a new tale after the west end had been deserted; but, owing either to steam or Mr. Colburn, the distinction of fashionable and unfashionable seasons is no longer recognized in the literary market. Each new work is now procured with as much facility, the day after publication, in Bath or Buxton, as in Bond Street or Piccadilly, and may, therefore, be published just as well in August as January.

Two very remarkable books have been published during the preceding month, "The Book of the Boudoir," by Lady Morgan, and "Personal and Literary Memorials," by the author of "Four Years in France." The first is peculiarly characteristic of the fair writer; lively, agreeable, pompous, and satirical. The anecdotes are new, and well told; and the autobiography so amusing, that we regret her ladyship has not given us more of it. The second is of a similar complexion, but yet very different in its execution: it is not less amusing, but it has more mind about it. Mr. Best, the author, tells a story well; and as he is an old man, and has mixed much in the world, he has many to tell. He has been on terms of intimacy with the great lights of the last age, and has here recorded many agreeable anecdotes of Paley and others. They have the merit of being all new. Mr. Best does not, however, confine himself to puns or stories: he is a theologian, and of course an ardent one, for at an early age he abandoned the established church, and took refuge in Catholicism; but even that part of his book which relates to these matters is not devoid of interest, and is not likely to give offence to the most orthodox reader.

It seems now to be generally acknowledged that "sermons are less read than tales." Sir Roger Gresley, at all events, appears to be of this opinion; for he has in "Sir Philip Gasteneys, a Minor," preached a very long and a very elaborate discourse on the crime of gambling—a work, at this time of day, of supererogation. The tale, however, is not devoid of interest; and may be read by young gentlemen, who are blessed with more money than discretion, with advantage.

"The Davenels, or a Campaign of Fashion in Dublin," is a very lively and well-told tale of fashionable life in the Irish

metropolis. The sketches of character are well drawn, the interest of the story well sustained, and the moral, of course, excellent. We learn from it that people are actuated with pretty much the same passions in Dublin that they are in London; that young ladies there, when "young and handsome," know it; and that fond mothers are solicitous about the fate of their children. There are peculiarities, however, about an Hibernian fashionable which give to this book an air of novelty.

An old friend, during the last month, has made his appearance with a new face. "Guy Mannering" is now before us, more splendidly clothed than ever, and not a whit less attractive than some dozen years since, when we devoured his whole history, notwithstanding the repulsiveness of Meg Merrilies. It forms the third volume of the new edition of the "Waverley Novels;" and, like the two which have preceded it, is enriched with an introduction and notes, by the author, and two engravings on steel, one by Duncan after Leslie, and the other by C. G. Cooke after Kidd. In the first, Dominie Sampson is represented in the library with uplifted hands, apparently exclaiming "Prodigious!" in the other we have the urchin conducting the benighted stranger to the great man's house. Both are highly finished. In the introduction Sir Walter has detailed the legend from which he borrowed the incidents of the story, and in the notes we have little histories of the personages from whom he modelled his principal characters. Meg Merrilies was a gipsy, and Dominie Sampson was tutor in a gentleman's family. The character of Dandie Dinmont, the author says, was drawn from no individual. "A dozen," he says, "at least, of stout Liddesdale yeomen with whom he has been acquainted, and whose hospitality he has shared in his rambles through that wild country, at a time when it was totally inaccessible save in the manner described in the text, might lay claim to be the prototype of the rough, but faithful, hospitable, and generous farmer. But one circumstance occasioned the name to be fixed upon a most respectable individual of this class, now no more. Mr. James Davidson, of Hindlee, a tenant of Lord Douglas, besides the points of blunt honesty, personal strength, and hardihood, designed to be expressed in the character of Dandie Dinmont, had the humour of naming a celebrated race of terriers which he possessed, by the generic names of Mustard and Pepper, (according as their colour was yellow, or greyish-black,) without any other individual distinction, except as according to the nomenclature in the text. Mr. Davidson resided at Hindlee, a wild farm, on the very edge of the Teviotdale

mountains, and bordering close on Liddesdale, where the rivers and brooks divide as they take their course to the eastern and western seas. His passion for the chase, in all its forms, but especially for fox-hunting, as followed in the fashion described in the next chapter, in conducting which he was skilful beyond most men in the south highlands, was the distinguishing point in his character.

"When the tale on which these comments are written became rather popular, the name of Dandie Dinmont was generally given to him, which Mr. Davidson received with great good humour, only saying, while he distinguished the author by the name applied to him in the country, where his own is so common—'that the sheriff had not written about him mair than about other folk, but only about his dogs.' An English lady of high rank and fashion being desirous to possess a brace of the celebrated Mustard and Pepper terriers, expressed her wishes in a letter, which was literally addressed to Dandie Dinmont, under which very general direction it reached Mr. Davidson, who was justly proud of the application, and failed not to comply with a request which did him and his favourite attendants so much honour.

"I trust I shall not be considered as offending the memory of a kind and worthy man, if I mention a little trait of character which occurred in Mr. Davidson's last illness. I use the words of the excellent clergyman who attended him, who gave the account to a reverend gentleman of the same persuasion;—

"'I read to Mr. Davidson the very suitable and interesting truths you addressed to him. He listened to them with great seriousness, and has uniformly displayed a deep concern about his soul's salvation. He died on the first sabbath of the year (1820); an apoplectic stroke deprived him in an instant of all sensation, but happily his brother was at his bed-side, for he had detained him from the meeting-house that day to be near him, although he felt himself not much worse than usual.—So you have got the last little Mustard that the hand of Dandie Dinmont bestowed.

"'His ruling passion was strong even on the eve of death. Mr. Baillie's fox-hounds had started a fox opposite to his window a few weeks ago, and as soon as he heard the sound of the dogs, his eyes glistened; he insisted on getting out of bed, and with much difficulty got to the window, and there enjoyed the fun, as he called it. When I came down to ask for him, he said, "he had seen Reynard, but had not seen his death. If it had been the will of Providence," he added, "I would have liked to have been

after him; but I am glad that I got to the window, and am thankful for what I saw, for it has done me a great deal of good." Notwithstanding these eccentricities, (adds the sensible and liberal clergyman,) I sincerely hope and believe he has gone to a better world, and better company and enjoyments.'

"If some part of this little narrative may excite a smile, it is one which is consistent with the most perfect respect for the simple-minded invalid, and his kind and judicious religious instructor, who, we hope, will not be displeased with our giving, we trust, a correct edition of an anecdote which has been pretty generally circulated. The race of Pepper and Mustard are in the highest estimation at this day, not only for vermin-killing, but for intelligence and fidelity. Those who, like the author, possess a brace of them, consider them as very desirable companions."

Another illustration of the "Waverley Novels" has just appeared, under the title of "Memoirs of His Own Life and Times," by Sir James Turner. Sir James evidently sat for "Dugald Dalgetty;" his principles were quite as convenient, and his fortune was somewhat similar. This narrative throws much additional light on the history of the seventeenth century; and is curious on various accounts. Of its authenticity there can be no doubt.

Colonel Napier has published the second volume of his "History of the Peninsular War," and the events which it details can never fail to give it the utmost interest with all Europe. If the colonel only fought half as well as he writes, he ought to have been a general before this.

We have had lately to notice various travels in the west and the east, and we have now to turn to the north. "A Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden," by the Rev. Robert Everest, though rich in geological facts, is nevertheless entertaining. The rev. author examined cities as well as mountains, and looked at fair faces as well as on rocks and pebbles. He informs us, on the authority of a Norwegian newspaper, that forty-eight thousand lobsters are sent yearly from Areudal to London. In several parts of Norway the people are extremely poor: the women, notwithstanding the severity of the climate, go barefooted, and the ground they cultivate is sterile and swampy. They are, however, cleanly in their habits, and in general able to read.

In conjunction with the foregoing we ought to notice "Memorials of Charles John King of Sweden and Norway," by W. G. Meredith, Esq. This work places the ruler of the iron north

in a very favourable point of view, and numerous documents are given to confirm the author's statement.

"Elements of Medical Statistics," by F. Bisset Hawkins, M. D. is a very learned and a very valuable book. It treats of those medical subjects which can interest the politician and philanthropist; and establishes one fact which cannot prove otherwise than grateful to all within sound of Bow bell. "It has," says the doctor, "been long the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find, that the most favoured spots in Europe—the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and the fountains of health—are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis."

Of poetry there is, as usual, no deficiency. "Adra, or the Peruvian," by the author of the "Ruined City," is full of poetry of a very sweet and very superior kind. "Cain the Wanderer; A Vision of Heaven; Darkness, and other poems," is a work which bespeaks a mind deeply imbued with all that is great, and masterly, and sublime. Unlike Lord Byron's Cain, the first poem is devoid of scepticism—a poet should never doubt; but it breathes those pure and holy sentiments which find their echo in every well regulated bosom. The author has shown that a poet need not sacrifice to bad taste or infidelity.

The schoolmaster is certainly abroad; every body reads, and, accordingly, our most distinguished booksellers find it their interest to publish at so low a rate as to render their works accessible to the million. The late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, led the way in popular publications. His "Miscellany" still continues attractive; and Mr. Murray, having ascertained, by the rapid and extensive sale of Lord Byron's works in a cheap form, that low-priced books were most profitable, wisely determined on "A Family Library." Five volumes of this publication have already appeared; they are got up in a very superior style, highly embellished, and well written. The first two volumes contain "A Life of Buonaparte;" the third, "The Life of Alexander the Great;" and the fourth is the first of three volumes to be devoted to "The Lives of British Painters." The fifth is the first of three volumes in which is to be comprised the "History of the Jews."

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has also published some neat volumes devoted to popular literature, at a still lower price than any of these we have mentioned. They are, perhaps, more useful, and not less entertaining, than the

"Family Library" or "Constable's Miscellany." Another series of cheap books has been announced by Messrs. Whittaker and Co. It is to consist exclusively of histories. Surely all these prove that the march of intellect is now rapid.

From literature to cookery is a natural transition. The wisest man must sometimes dine; and if he desires a good dinner he will recommend to his housekeeper's notice Mrs. Dalgairn's "Practice of Cookery," the most practical and useful book on culinary science which we have met for some time. The epicure, as well as those who wish to be comfortable and economical, will consult it with advantage; and though we would not have all young ladies, like Mrs. Primrose, adepts in the manufacture of gooseberry wine, a theoretic knowledge, at least, of that art in which Dr. Kitchener excelled, will do them no disservice.

"The Female Servant's Adviser" deserves a place by the side of Mrs. Dalgairn's volume. It is filled with useful maxims, plain directions, and valuable advice. The mistress who desires to have a good servant should present her with this little book.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. IV.

Summer, my dear Julia, has passed, and yet the town is not quite deserted; a few dukes and duchesses still linger about St. James's and the west end, and an occasional coronet may now and then be seen flitting through Piccadilly. Every thing else, however, gives note of fashionable absence; the mansions in the different squares look gloomy; the opera is closed; and there are no concerts. Until within the last few weeks there was no deficiency of musical treats; but it appeared to me that our secondary concerts were not free from glaring imperfections, owing chiefly to the circumstance of there being some one performer, generally a vocalist, of whom the public is so fond, as to make that individual necessary in every concert, at which a full house or a full room is expected; and the sum demanded by this important person is usually so great as to render a fair adequate remuneration of the other performers wholly impracticable. This was eminently the case when Catalani was *prima donna assoluta*. No concert could succeed without her; and her terms were so exorbitant, that, except for the opera, no other performer of eminence could be engaged; and those who were engaged were beaten down to the lowest degree of musical pay. Since her departure, Sontag and Malibran seem to have exercised a similar pernicious dominion; the consequence of which has been decided and glaring imperfections in our concerts.

After all, I fear we are not a musical people: we pay well, but are our ears good? In Germany, Italian madrigals and glees are delightfully performed, on account of the marvellous nicety of ear which educated German singers possess; but with us this charming style of music has fallen into disfavour. We have various assemblies for the performance of vocal music in parts. At the madrigal society—and I have been present at one or two meetings—madrigals are constantly sung. But how? By amateurs of a certain age; and boys from the three choirs; these perform their parts tolerably; but the men! The consequence is that, amateur like, they please the performers better than the hearers. Yet there cannot be a greater musical treat than a well-sung Italian madrigal. Clari's madrigals are little known in this country, but they are beautiful in a high degree; and by those who wish to attain the rare accomplishment of singing at sight, these and the duets of Handel, Steffani, and Durante, should be incessantly practised.

Enough of music, methink I hear you exclaim; what of the stage? Why, the two summer houses are pretty well attended: several new pieces have been successful; and the Surrey and the Coburg theatres, setting the lord chamberlain and the lessee of Drury Lane at defiance, are nightly performing the regular drama. Davidge, the proprietor of the Coburg, some time since, took an ingenious method of filling his boxes. He issued tickets which admitted two for two shillings, and though this scheme was denounced as degrading and ruinous, the result has been that Mr. Davidge has made a small fortune; and it is reported that he has offered nine thousand a-year for Covent Garden Theatre. When he commenced issuing two shilling tickets, his funds amounted to the large sum of eighteen shillings!

The drama is evidently on the decline throughout the politer nations of Europe; theatrical speculations have been quite as ruinous in France as in this country; and in Italy the degradation of the stage is thus accounted for by a native publication. "What keeps the public away from the theatres here is the new papal regulation respecting theatrical performances. Any actor guilty of an indecent manner or expression, is liable to be sent to the galleys for five years; for a blow given in a theatre the punishment is ten years at the galleys; for entering the theatre armed, the galleys for life; &c."

Vauxhall has been closed: the season, notwithstanding that the weather has been peculiarly unfavourable, has been comparatively prosperous: the exertions of the proprietors drew crowded

companies, and it has so happened that most of the nights on which this place of entertainment was open were fine.

The *artists* who provide amusement for the gay world are busy, preparing attractions for the coming season: the "Annuals" are in a state of great forwardness; and Laporte is exerting himself to open the Opera with additional eclat. Drury Lane will open next month: it is extremely doubtful whether Covent Garden will follow the example. Yours, &c.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A DRESS of buff-coloured muslin, printed in an elegant pattern, representing feathers, of dark and rich tints: a broad bias fold, set on rather full, surrounds the border, over which are erect points, *à la Vandyck*. A canezou spencer of white jacanot muslin is worn with the dress, and is made in front *à la Circassienne*, with sleeves *à la Marie*, confined at the wrists by bracelets of dark hair, fastened by a white cornelian set in gold: the throat encircled by a quadruple ruff, *bouilloné*, of white net. A hat of white gros de Naples, with a fluting under the brim next the hair, of pink crape, and the hat crowned by full-blown Provence roses, and their green foliage.

EVENING COSTUME.

A dress of celestial-blue gossamer satin, with one broad flounce round the border, headed by two points falling over each other, the points edged by narrow rouleaux. The body is *en fichu*, with a fluted sash round the waist. Long white sleeves *à l'imbecille*, with lotos mancherons, of celestial-blue satin. The hair in clustered curls next the face, and much elevated on the summit of the head; and small white esprits are placed among the bows of hair, both in front and at the back. Ear-pendants of pear-pearls, and a necklace formed of one row of large pearls.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Fashions, some few months ago, had attained to a decided state of unrivalled elegance: not satisfied with the graceful and easy modulations of taste which give the real value to novelty, many ridiculous monstrosities have appeared, merely for the sake of change: there are yet, however, many ladies, renowned for the elegance of their costume on all occasions, who refuse to comply with the reigning mode, except in moderation, and only as far as is consistent with what is truly graceful, and according to the rules of taste.

The fashion of arranging the hair is, as is generally the custom

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS. EVENING COSTUME.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER.1829

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BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

in the summer season, extremely simple, yet very elegant and becoming; it is usually unadorned, and the ornaments of feathers and flowers are seldom seen, except on grand occasions, in the country. Diamonds are yet more rare, and the only jewellery on the hair of young persons at dress balls, are a few strings of pearls elegantly interwoven among the tresses. Dress hats are of white crape, and are most fashionable when ornamented with coloured feathers. Caps for home costume are ornamented tastefully with ribands, either white or coloured, and sometimes, very sparingly, with flowers.

The long sleeves of the dresses are, at present, excessively wide, particularly in those of white muslin. A very favourite dress is of green gros de Naples, of a light shade, beautifully brocaded over in an Indian pattern, with variegated flowers. Many ladies wear sleeves *à l'Amadis*, with full sleeves depending from the shoulder to the elbow, from whence they continue to the wrist, fitting close along the narrow part of the arm. Clear muslin dresses are much worn by young ladies at evening parties, as are those of very fine India muslin, richly embroidered. Dresses of crêpe-lisse, of pink or some other bright summer colour, are much in favour for the rural ball, or for evening parties: the sleeves, of the same material, are often long and very wide. Chintzes, of very beautiful patterns and colours, are in general favour for home costume: we have seen one of buff, with an elegant running pattern, of violet-colour; it was made with sleeves *à l'imbecille*, with two broad bias folds at the border of the skirt: some of these dresses have a ground of Indian green, figured over in small palm-leaves; one, which is greatly admired, is of the very lightest shade of pea-green, on which is a delicate sprig, extremely small, of a deep violet-colour; the last dress we saw of this material had a broad hem at the border, over which was a ruche as high as the knee; the sleeves were *à l'imbecille*, with the body made partially high, and *à l'enfant*. Dresses of gros de Naples for *demi-parure* are made in the same style, with a small lotos on each shoulder; many, however, of the silk dresses are made with two flounces at the border; they are of quiet and unobtruding colours, such as fawn, olive-brown, or light slate-colour.

The hats fly very much off the face, and are chiefly of gros de Naples of light colours, of which pale pink seems most to predominate; to these a broad white blond at the edge seems almost indispensable, particularly from the face being so much exposed. Close straw and Dunstable bonnets are yet in favour; but are

now generally worn with a black veil: we cannot now expect to find much novelty in the hat or bonnet department at this season of the year, especially at the commencement of an autumn so very unpropitious: several carriage hats have been seen of coloured crape, ornamented with beautiful short plumage, the same colour as the hat. The strings of the hats and bonnets in walking costume are all tied under the chin. The sole novelty in the hat department is of a very charming kind; it is in the Lavinia style, and is of fine Leghorn, lined and trimmed with some bright summer colour; it ties modestly down over a becoming blond cornette; the hat is small, at least it appears so after the capacious bonnets lately worn; it is characteristic of an English female, who should never copy fantastic foreign fashions. A small bow ornaments the front of the crown of this chaste and attractive head-covering.

Muslin pelerines, splendidly embroidered, often constitute the sole addition to a dress made only partially high; ladies, however, begin to add a light throat-scarf of bright and summer tints. Pelerines, the same as the dress, and those of black velvet, are more general; the latter are of an entirely novel shape, and over a tall figure are extremely elegant; they are pointed at the back instead of being rounded, and this point descends as low as to the base of the waist, seeming to be concealed under the sash; from this point the pelerine gradually slopes upward on each side, till it spreads out at the shoulders: the ends in front depend as low as the feet, and the pelerine is lined with either rose-coloured sarsnet or bright geranium. The pelisses are of gros de Naples, and have nothing very new in their make; those which are open in front, discovering an embroidered muslin petticoat, are handsomely faced; we saw one of pale pink Levantine a few days since, faced with satin of the same colour: the favourite way of trimming silk pelisses for walking is by a ruche all round, and this trimming is carried up the front of the skirt, where it fastens, which is rather on one side.

The most admired colours are fawn, olive-brown, pea-green, pink, amber, and slate-colour.

Modes de Paris.

WALKING DRESS.

A muslin pelisse fastening down the front, from the throat to the feet, with points *à la Vandyck*, edged with very narrow lace; and on each point a flower, wrought in beautiful embroidery. The body made plain, and the waist encircled by a belt of white

14
48
SEP

WALKING DRESSES.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER 1829

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watered riband, fastened in front by an oval gold buckle. Over the shoulders a double pelerine cape, finished round in embroidered points, the same as those down the front of the pelisse. The sleeves *à l'imbecille*, with gold bracelets, fastened by a white cornelian set in gold. The throat is encircled by a triple ruff of lace. The hat is of Leghorn, with a twisted bandeau, under the brim, of white gauze riband: the crown of the hat is ornamented with short white feathers.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A dress of gros de Naples, the colour, the mignionet-leaf-green, with a broad hem round the border, headed by an entwined rouleau. The body made quite plain and tight to the shape. The sleeves are *à l'imbecille*, with full and narrow ruffled cuffs of lace. A pelerine of jacanot muslin, trimmed round with a double frill of clear muslin, is worn with this dress; it is surmounted at the throat by a very full ruff formed of several rows of narrow lace: the pelerine fastens down the front by small gold buttons; and a gold buckle serves as a brooch in the centre of the breast. The hat is formed of straw and ribands interwoven, and is ornamented under the brim by rosettes of white satin riband, and the crown elegantly adorned by white garden lilies.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN AUGUST, 1829.

Nothing can now be more simple than the dresses at Paris at the latter end of this month; even at the performances at the opera; which simplicity is observed there as scrupulously as in the country. Plain white dresses, made with the corsage *à l'Enfant*, with short sleeves, much cut away from the shoulders, and the tucker part embroidered all round with a narrow lace; such is a very favourite dress. The dresses are made short. Some dresses for *demi-parure* have very light-coloured grounds, which are figured over in patterns of very lively colours. They are of fine cambric-muslin, very highly glazed, and have much the appearance of chintzes. White cachemire dresses, embroidered in coloured crewels, are very fashionable: the embroidery is most conspicuous over the broad hem. At the last brilliant fête at Tivoli, the Duchess of Orleans wore a green tissue dress, made with a stomacher.

Scarfs are very general in out-door costume; they are, when of silk, of cherry colour, or some other lively tint. The new mantles are of Indian taffety; very few, however, of these envelopes have yet appeared. Large cashmere shawls sometimes are wrapped over the form, and brought very much over the throat. Smaller shawls, called *Tunis* shawls, are more fashionable; the

ground of these is figured over with bouquets of flowers or other designs, in striking colours. Morexo shawls are of lively colours, but of very grotesque designs; and the Chinese shawls are figured *en treillage*, and bordered with flowers. One cashmere shawl has appeared which cost four thousand francs. Above the border, which was formed of palm-leaves on variegated squares, was a kind of rail-work, extremely delicate, and at each of the four corners were claws, beautifully executed. Carriage pelisses are of gros des Indes: they are of changeable colours; for example, blue shot with green, and at every movement the material appeared to be one or other of those two colours. The form of the newest white canezou spencers, worn with a coloured petticoat, is named *à la Polonaise*. This canezou is made with flaps behind, like those of a lancer's jacket; the back is flat, and no sash is worn with it. For deshabille there are some pelisses of embroidered tulle, which discover a silk petticoat underneath. The corsage is full at the back, and in front; they have a double falling collar. The sleeves are hollowed out at the bend of the arm, and are fastened together by two or three gold buttons.

The ornaments worn on head dresses of hair consist of flowers placed on the summit of the head between the bows of hair. The back part of the combs is very high. Toques of spotted gauze are worn at evening dress parties, as are those of brocaded gauze, in rich, satin-like patterns of vine or ivy-leaves; on the right side of these toques is a bouquet of three or five feathers. Young persons at dress parties have chains of gold or strings of pearls entwined among their tresses, with a few flowers. Caps of English point lace are much worn in home costume.

Hats formed of ribands sewn together are very numerous. Most of them have blond at the edge of the brim; the crown is ornamented with a few bows. Some very pretty bonnets of blue crape have appeared, ornamented with bows of white gauze riband; these are surrounded by a demi-veil of blond. Some hats of white chip are lined with cherry-coloured gros de Naples. A large bonnet ornaments the summit of the crown, and ends descend from it on each side, which form the strings. *Crinoline*, a material fabricated from horse-hair, is much used in the country for bonnets; these bonnets are grey, or of a yellow shade. A hat of rose-coloured crape, ornamented with plumage of the same colour, is much admired for the public walks; as are Leghorn hats with three long white curled feathers.

The colours most in request are cherry-colour, Mexican-green, blue, rose-colour, and yellow.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
43
SEP

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THE LADY OF ILWDALE.

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